Horticultural Society

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

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AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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Editorial.

☞ All questions to the Editor, desiring answer through the *Ploughman*, should be accompanied by the full name of the correspondent.

SUGAR BEETS AND BEET SUGAR.

CHARACTER OF THE BEET SUGAR AND OUR CHANCES OF RAISING, WITH PROFIT, SUGAR BEETS FIT FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF SUGAR FOR GENERAL HOME CONSUMPTION.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

At the close of the session of the Massachusetts State Grange at Amherst, last winter, Prof. Stockbridge took us to the laboratory of the Agricultural College and showed us samples of sugar and made explanation of the methods of cultivation of Sugar Beets—machinery for the cultivation of the beets and manufacture of the sugar &c.

These times of depression and low prices lead farmers to enquire what can we raise that will meet with ready sale at fair prices. Statistics show that we are spending millions of money each year, for imported sugar, which may just as well be kept in the country and some of it in the pockets of the farmers, through the growth of Sugar Beets.

Our Agricultural College, I think, is prepared to show that we can raise as good beets, at paying prices, as those raised in France, and I understand sugar of first quality can be made from them.

Will you not through the *Ploughman* give us from time to time, as you are able, such information in regard to the production, manufacture, and consumption of sugar.

Several members of Worcester Grange have sent for one pound each of seed, and purpose to raise some beets this year as an experiment, and I suppose the Portland Beet Sugar Company will be able during the year to demonstrate what we can do with such beets. The questions for us to consider are, Can sugar fit for all purposes be manufactured from sugar beets? and can they be grown and manufactured into sugar at paying rates?

Yours respectfully, G. H. R.

Worcester, Mass., May, 1879.

There are three kinds of saccharine substances, which thus far have engaged the attention of agriculturists in particular,—namely, *milk-sugar*, *grape-sugar*, or *glucose*, and *cane-sugar*. The first named substance occurs in the milk, hence its name. The milk of different animals may contain from three to nine per cent. The grape-sugar or glucose, being first recognized in the juice of the grape, received its name from the latter; it is the most extensively diffused kind of the three and causes, in the majority of cases, either entirely or in part, the sweetness of our fruits. We have learned to produce this kind of sugar artifically by various chemical modes of treatment from starch, cellular matter, and cane-sugar. The manufacture from the starch contained in the corn is, at present, carried on quite extensively in some of the Western States, for the purpose of producing light colored syrups for domestic use, and furnishing saccharine material for the improvement of alcoholic beverages as beer and wine; its possible fraudulent application in the manufacture of sugar has been frequently discussed of late. The cane-sugar is preeminently the sugar of our households; its name is taken from that of its principal source, the sugar-cane; a sweeter taste and a peculiar form of crystallization, besides other chemical features distinguishes it in a marked degree from either of the previously discribed kinds of sugar. Among the plants noted for a large percentage of cane-sugar are, foremost, the sugar cane, the sugar-maple, the sorghum, some varieties of palms and the sugar-beet. Cane-sugar manufactured from either of these plants, in its crude state, shows to a certain degree peculiarities due to the source from which they have been derived; in their refined state they cannot be any more distinguished from each other, and are for all practical and scientific purposes identical. Our home supply of sugar has been furnished, until quite recently, exclusively from the sugar-cane, the sorghum and the sugar-maple, whilst several leading European countries have, for years, already largely turned the sugar-beet to account for the manufacture of sugar.

A few well authenticated statistical statements referring to the year 1877 may serve here as an illustration of the present condition of the supply of sugar in Germany and France as compared with that of our own country; the figures apply to a corresponding period of time—January 1st, 1877 to December 31st, 1877—and are reported by the same authority.

GERMANY.

Produc'n of sugar from sugar beets..358,206 tons
Importa'n of sugar from sugar cane. 11,198 tons
Total exportation of sugar ..... 58,443 tons

FRANCE.

Produc'n of sugar from sugar beets..345,314 tons
Importa'n of sugar from sugar cane..200,793 tons
Total exportation of sugar.....285,060 tons

The entire production of beet sugar in Europe amounted to 722,143 tons of sugar. The entire consumption of sugar in Europe amounted to 1,573,546 tons.

UNITED STATES.

Production of sugar from sugar cane, Louisiana, Florida and Texas.....77,000 tons
Production of sugar from sugar maple and sorghum..... 13,000 tons
Produc'n of sugar from beet root..... 2,000 tons
Total production.....92,000 tons
Importation of sugar from the West Indies, South America, etc.,..... 561,369 tons

A careful comparison of these figures shows plainly that Germany and France secure more than their entire consumption of sugar from the sugar beet; and that entire Europe obtains nearly one half of its demand from the same source, whilst our own country, from all sources combined, produces but about one sixth of the sugar for our present consumption within its own borders, leaving an open field for home production of sugar to meet the home demand of not less than from 450,000 to 500,000 tons. As our main home resource for the manufacture of sugar, —the sugar cane—is largely dependent upon favorable climatical conditions, and thus, judging from the past, not equal to the demands, it seems but natural to conclude in the sight of the experience obtained in Europe, that the experiment would be worth while trying whether a plant like the sugar beet, adapted to an extensive area of the country, would not serve, as well as elsewhere, to supply our want. This and similar conclusions induced Professor Goessmann to institute a series of careful experiments with the cultivation of the sugar beet upon the farm of the Massachusetts Agricultural College as early as 1870. The results of this investigation, which extended over a series of years, have been, on the whole, quite favorable, and the deductions drawn from them have been sustained in subsequent numerous trials throughout the country.—[ED.

SORREL ON LAWNS AND GRASS LANDS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman.

Can you tell me through the *Ploughman*, the best way to eradicate sorrel on Lawns and Grass Lands? Will mowing the heads when in blossom prevent re-seeding and eventually kill out this pest?

Yours, &c., H.

Dorchester District, May 26, 1879.

Sorrel is generally taken to indicate acidity in the soil. It is more properly the result of poverty or poor cultivation. An application of lime will generally correct the difficulty. Give it a good top dressing of fresh slaked lime and try it. Early mowing will help it out in mowing lands, but higher cultivation and manuring is a surer cure.—[ED.

A POOR WHEAT FIELD.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have a weak field with a feeble start of Winter Rye upon it. What can I put on to strengthen both? The field was an old pasture, red soil, planted to potatoes last year. TOWN FARM.

North Brookfield, May 19th, 1879.

Wouldn't it be good economy to plough under the rye, harrow over thoroughly to pulverize the surface, put on some fertilizer and sow Hungarian? That would be pretty certain to give a good crop of hay this year, and if it is desired to sow down to grass, it can be done in August.—[ED.

MANURE FOR THE POTATO CROP.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Of the fertilizers, "Stockbridge" or "Darlington," which would you recommend? whether advisable on the potato crop to use either of them, or the pure, unadulterated barnyard? Should you advise broadcast, or putting in hill? I. B. H.

Acushnet, Mass.

We should stick to the pure "unadulterated barnyard," if you have it, spread broadcast. If you can apply a dressing of wood ashes or plaster, it will be a good thing well bestowed.—[ED.

TO KILL BLACK ANTS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Can you tell me through the columns of the *Ploughman* the best remedy to kill Black Ants which infest walks and dwellings, and very much oblige

Yours truly, W. H. D.

Providence, R. I., May 16th, 1879.

Take a piece of old cheese, moisten it if dry, and dust it with corrosive sublimate or arsenic. Or mix whiskey, molasses and water in equal parts and fill a tumbler half or two-thirds full, and set it partly in the ground infested by ants. It will soon be full of drunkards, which can be scooped out and killed.—[ED.

BUYING TOOLS.

[Scientific Farmer.]

1st. Know what kind of work you want to accomplish. If a plough, do you want a lap furrow or a flat furrow turned? If a harrow, do you want a sacrifice or a pulverizer or a smoother implement? Do you want light draft or a heavy draft? And so with other tools.

2nd. Decide on the most efficient implement to accomplish your purpose. If a corn sheller, do not consult a false economy by getting one a little smaller than you can most profitably use. If a cultivator, get one that is strong enough to wear. If a pulley, one that is stronger than any possible strain to which you can apply it.

3rd. Always get the best and most thoroughly built instrument in the market, and be willing to pay for the workmanship. A cheap tool is never satisfactory in the end. Buy at as low a price as you can, but don't get a cheap tool.

4th. Before buying, see if you really need it. Calculate the gain which will come from its use and the saving which may reasonably be expected from its ownership.

5th. Remember that too many implements and too expensive implements are a ruinous draft on the farm profits. Balance this thought, however, with the opposite reflection—there can be no greater waste of resources than going without a tool that is really needed.

Few farmers buy too many tools, but many buy unintelligently and wastefully. The best tool is always more profitable to buy than an inferior one, and yet, no matter how good the implement, it is unsatisfactory unless you find occasion for its advantageous use. The saving from machinery comes from use, not from storage.

Now if farmers will add to this careful buying, intelligence in taking care of the tool so wisely purchased, they will save a severe drain on the farm income. A rusty plough by the roadside is a very common sight at this time of the year. A farmer ploughs a field and concludes that he will want the same plough in an adjoining lot next week, and so instead of taking the plough to the barn and placing it under cover, he leaves it on the ground to be ready for use.

ROOSTING PLACES.

[Evening Post, New York.]

Far less attention is paid to providing suitable roosting places for fowls and chicks than is given to a host of other and less important matters connected with poultry and poultry houses. We have seen neat, tasty poultry houses, which appeared from an outside view, to be the most comfortable places fowls could wish for, yet an inspection of the inside revealed the roosts from five to six feet high, far too high for heavy fowls. In "ye olden times," when light-bodied fowls were the go, it did well to let them roost high, especially as the hen-house was not carefully closed at night to prevent the visits of predatory rats, weasels and other animals with a natural relish for chickens in the rough.

The Dairy.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman

THE OUTLOOK FOR DAIRYMEN.

Dairy husbandry comprises four distinct divisions; to wit: calf-raising, milk-selling, cheese-making and butter-making. When any one or all of the last three named divisions are found productive, the first is very likely to be neglected in New England; but if all three of those last named be dull and unproductive, then the former, or that division first named, is likely to be engaged in. The writer has heard it remarked that more calves are raising this season than usual, owing to the low price of milk by the can, and the probable low price of butter and cheese in both home and foreign markets. There has been a gradual increase annually of both butter and cheese made in the dairy belt of the United States for the last ten years, followed by a depression of prices, until last year, when the prices of milk made for the city markets, as well as of butter and cheese, fell to very low figures.

These four divisions of dairy farming are carried on by some dairymen annually as they raise the heifer calves from their best cows to replenish their herds, they deeming this better economy than buying cows for this purpose. The writer knows several such dairymen who keep from twenty to sixty cows on their farms, mostly grade Shorthorns, that have thus been bred on these dairy farms; some of them in Massachusetts, some in Vermont, and some in the State of New York. Such are the best herds of milch cows that the writer has ever seen. The ordinary but less wise course is to buy cows, and more especially is this true of farmers who make milk to sell by the can, or to peddle when they live near a city or village, so that they can retail their own milk production daily. Thus, such claim, can they regulate the supply for furnishing their milk routes better than in any other way they have been able to devise. Milk is now selling so low by the can that there would seem to be but little inducement to make milk for the Boston market, when, as reported, it brings but thirteen cents a can for eight and a half quart cans. Milk, as informed by peddlers and retailers in Boston and suburbs, ranges from seven cents to one cent a quart,—the buyer at the latter price receiving three crackers in addition to his quart of milk.

As to the outlook for the prices of butter and cheese the coming season, it is quite sure now from present indications that they must rule very low, not improbably lower than in 1878, provided the season be as favorable as it was last year. If drought should prevail, and cause cows to produce small messes of milk, it may serve to lessen the amount of butter and cheese made to be put upon the market.

Having conferred with some of the largest dealers in butter and cheese engaged in the Boston trade, it was learned that the feeling seems to prevail that prices will not be much lower, or hardly any, than last season. Two or three exporters remarked that good butter might return the dairy men not more than from eight to ten cents a pound. But this will depend upon the season, as to whether it be wet or dry; also, as remarked by one firm, the number of dairymen who are raising calves for making beef is larger than usual, as beef sells higher now relatively than dairy products. Some dairymen who make butter and do not make skimmed cheese, raise calves or pigs on the skim-milk. To make good butter and sell it above the price current, and feed the skim-milk to pigs or calves, or poultry, where poultry husbandry is engaged in, may be called good dairy farming, better than cheese-making, for the former does not impoverish the soil like the latter.

Cheese removes from the farm the phosphates much faster than butter and beef-making, as it is generally conceded by dairymen. The same objection as that relative to cheese and butter making is made to milk-selling by the can, or peddling in cities and villages not far away from good milk farms.

From the outlook from this brief sketch of the subject, however little there may be to inspire hope of lucrative returns for milk or what is manufactured therefrom, I would not advise dairymen to abandon their long cherished business, as it may be that from which they have derived the most of their money in farming. With many farmers, especially in Middlesex and Worcester counties, so long devoted to the production of milk, either to be sold for city markets, or manufactured into butter and cheese, it would not be easy to make a change, neither would it be advisable for them to attempt it; for what could they substitute for it that will be any better or as good as to pursue the milk-producing business as the money crop.

There must be some one special crop upon every farm from the sale of which the farmer looks for his money. In the Connecticut Valley this special crop is tobacco and has been for several years; so also is milk, as already stated, in Worcester and Middlesex Counties. That dairy farming is less remunerative than formerly is true, but what can dairy-farmers substitute for the milk business that shall yield better returns than they are now getting for their milk? Let well alone until sure that something better can be substituted therefor. A market gardener in Arlington a few years since informed the writer that, owing to the low price for Hubbard squashes for two or three successive years, he concluded to try something else and did so; and the result was that this something else sold low, while his old specialty, the Hubbard squash sold high. Almost all kinds of business have their ups and downs in the market, but as a rule it will be found that the farmer who sticks to his special money crop, be that what it may, will be found more prosperous than he who is changing from one thing to another. Such not unusually find the old adage—"That the rolling stone gathers no moss," true. The notion lately promulgated by the daily press, that sugar beet growing will drive tobacco growing out of the Connecticut Valley, seems quite improbable, so long as an acre of good tobacco would yield a larger return than three acres of good sugar beets.

Therefore, let farmers stick to their specialties; and this will be found not less true of dairy-husbandry than of other specialties; and notwithstanding the present outlook may not be a very hopeful one, yet the dairy-farmer should consider the subject well before he decides to abandon dairy-husbandry for some other crop.

The low price of dairy products may serve to prompt dairymen to weed out from their herds unproductive cows, of which too many are kept without a knowledge of the fact. Said a good dairyman of three score years, in a good milk-producing section, one-third of the cows in that region do not pay annually the cost of keeping, one-third just about do this and nothing more; and all the money made comes from the remaining third. Let dairymen forthwith discharge the cows of the quality of the first two-thirds named above, and keep only good, productive cows, of the kind indicated in the last third, and they will thus very much improve the returns of dairy-husbandry, making what is now an unremunerative business a remunerative one. Let these suggestions be heeded.

L. W.

FLOATING CURDS.

Prof. Arnold, Secretary American Dairyman's Association, writes to the *Farmers' Advocate* as follows:—The immediate cause of floating curds consists in the formation of carbonic acid gas in the lumps of curd faster than it can escape. But our correspondent very likely would like to know why curd from some milk will float, while curd from other milk will not. All milk, as is well known, is not just exactly alike, and the milk which produces floating curds is suspected or being in some way very different from other milk; but such is not the fact. There is a difference, it is true, but the difference is slight. Milk which produces floating curds has usually a more intense odor than other milk; and sometimes so strong as to be offensive, and to suggest putrefaction; hence such milk has been denominated "tainted milk."

The common use of the word "taint" connects it with putrefaction, and hence it has become to be pretty generally believed that milk which emits the peculiar smell is in an actual state of incipient putrefaction. But this is not so. Putrefaction involves the decomposition of albuminoid substances, and the liberation of nitrogen. It has been demonstrated that the so-called "taint" given off from tainted milk is entirely destitute of nitrogen in any form, and, hence, that the cheesy matter, which is the nitrogenous part of milk, is not all affected, but is as sound as in any other milk. There is, therefore, nothing about it to prevent it from making good and wholesome and long-keeping cheese, if it is properly treated. The altered condition of the milk is confined to the milk fats, except in rare cases in which it becomes affected by absorbing foreign ferments, either after it is drawn by exposure to foul air, or by the use of infected food by the cow, or by other similar and unusual means.

In the great majority of cases in which floating curds occur, the milk fats, by a slight change in the condition of the cows, acquire a more than usual tendency to soften and become volatile. Such a tendency exists in the milk fats of all cows, whatever their condition. As the lighter milk fats become ethereal they absorb oxygen rapidly, and form carbonic acid gas. In ordinary milk the oils become slowly volatile, and oxidize so slowly that no more gas is formed than can escape readily, either in the form of milk or curds. But when they vaporize and absorb oxygen more rapidly, the volume of gas developed is so much increased that, though it may rapidly escape from the liquid milk, it does not in the solid, tenacious curd have away so fast, as it forms and swells out the curd just like dough in rising, till it becomes lighter than the whey, and it then comes to the surface. The characteristic odor of tainted milk comes partly from the vaporization of the light milk fats, and partly from the gases liberated in the formation of carbonic acid gas. Similar changes are constantly going on in the oily matters of all milk when warm, the difference being in one of degree.

Since we now know that the milk which usually produces floating curds is very little different from ordinary milk, varying from it only in a slightly increased tendency to absorb oxygen, it must be evident that it does not require to be treated very different from other milk when making it into cheese; and this is so in fact. I find it necessary to treat floating curds but little different from any other. If there is more odor to the milk than is usual, I use less rennet, but cut, work and scald just the same. The whey is drawn sweet but is left on till it is well separated from the curd, and if the curd floats I draw the whey from under it, tip the vat, draw the curd to the upper end and up to the sides of the vat to drain, keeping it warm by covering, and so situated that the whey will drain readily, and keeping all part warm alike by turning occasionally, and thus leave it to ripen or digest under the influence of the rennet which has been used. Curds from any milk are best ripened in this way, and the main difference it is necessary to observe with a "floater" is to ripen it more than other curds. The increased or prolonged action of the rennet (before salting or cooling,) by keeping the curd warm in the vat and clear of whey, changes the condition of the milk fats so that they no longer give off unusual odor, and are reduced to the ordinary condition of fats in cheese.

When milk is in its normal condition the curd may be ripened till it will give threads upon the net-iron from one to two inches long. When the milk shows odor, and the curd is inclined to be gassy, it may string from two to six inches, according to the severity of the case. The salting should increase with the length of the threads, and the curd be well cured before pressing. When considered ripe enough for pressing, the curd is ground fine enough to salt evenly, and if it is much gassy it is ground twice so as to have the salt strike through quickly, and is cooled and aired longer before pressing. No acid is used in any part of the process, either in the rennet or in the milk, and the whey is drawn before any acid is allowed to develop in it. If the whey which drains from the curd while it is ripening in the vat becomes sour, it will do no harm unless it is allowed to remain in contact with the curd—a circumstance which should always be prevented.

This course is adapted to all hot-weather milk, whether curds float or not, and with a little experience and skill, and a temperate curing-room, fine, solid and good-keeping cheese can be made through all the heated season. But no treatment, however skillful, will insure a good cheese, if the cows become so affected as to be actually diseased, or injured by bad food or severe treatment, or if the vessels in which milk is kept, carried or handled—such as vats, carrying cans, milk-pails, etc.,—are allowed to become so foul as to infect the milk with the germs of fermentation and putrefaction. No cheese-maker need expect to escape the legitimate consequences of uncleanliness or want of tidiness and pure air in and around his factory, nor patrons in neglecting to give the best care possible to secure the comfort and health of their herds, and the strictest neatness and best attention to handling their milk and to all the duties of management—in these will be found the best preventive of floating curds.

☞ A calf will draw milk in three minutes, and the nearer a milker can come to that time the better. A slow milker makes a cow impatient, which often causes her to hold up her milk. The "strippings" are the richest part, and if a cow is milked quietly as well as quickly there will be more as well as richer milk because of the "strippings."

The Sheepfold.

KEEPING UP THE BREED.

In a paper read at the late meeting of the Sheep Breeder's association of Michigan, upon the question "How to Keep up the Standard and Improve our Stock," the following views were presented:

How are we to keep up the standard and improve our flocks? By buying only of responsible parties, not of the many speculators who talk of the purity of the stock and will sell cheap, etc. Understanding the importance of pedigree will be advantageous to every breeder. Coupling properly is the secret of success, and in order to do this we must know how animals are bred. Our improvers of stock have had an ideal in their minds to breed to wool and this has been attained by constantly breeding in a line, in some cases they may have bred to close affinity in order to produce certain types and also uniformity. This has been and may be done under proper circumstances without injury to constitution or breeding properties. We have no history of any one doing more to improve the mutton propensity of the long wools than Mr. Bakewell. Yet his success was a secret within himself and died with him.

When we follow the breeding of other kinds of stock and notice that sires from individual families, with breeding known, produce universal improvement, and a similar result is obtained from rams of Bakewell's breeding, it gives good evidence that his must have been bred similarly. All the time we should aim to produce a male bred stronger than the females to produce an even offspring; without this no flock will show improvement, and how are we to obtain our sires by both breeding and purchase?

In breeding on a small scale it will have to be done mostly by purchase, and care must be exercised to have each one bred similar to the last. If this is not done, a person might purchase one one time, another another time, of entirely different types. To make it more plain, say a person used both a Cotswold and Leicester, or an American Merino and a French. In either case crossing back and forth would spoil the best flock in existence. Men that bought or bred males from such men as Bakewell, Webb and Hammond and made good selections could not help but improve their flocks, and at the present time the best way is to buy of reliable men, and only of those who are successful in improving their own stock.

The question may arise how to introduce fresh blood in order to keep up the vitality and constitution of our animals. The way that many of our improvers have done, and those that have been eminently successful, has been to procure a female strongly bred, and as near the desired type as possible. Secure a cross by breeding her to one of their production, and thus introduce only one-half blood instead of an entire out-cross.

CROSSING SHEEP.

Mr. Leonidas McDaniel, an extensive wool grower of Rush County, Ind., gives through the *Indiana Farmer* his experience in crossing the different breeds. He says: Merino sheep will herd together in large flocks better than any other kind, if a man is only breeding for wool. They will not do for mutton and wool combined, as a breed, but to cross them with Cotswolds makes next to the best cross I ever tried. But the most successful cross is one-fourth Southdown and three-fourths longwool. For hardiness, size of carcass, and wool, all combined, this cross cannot be beat in this State—climate, market and wool all considered. To get this cross, I would start on the largest, best Cotswold ewes that I could raise or buy, and would stay with them all the time, but in about four years, or five at the most, they will run down. To counteract this tendency to run down and take scours and rot, and all other ails that this open wool breed is liable to take, on account of our severe winters, I just throw in one-fourth Southdown. To make this cross, use a Southdown buck on those large ewes, then cross again with Leicester or Lincoln. I know some thoroughbred gentlemen will cry out, "Oh, this is a mongrel breed." Well, I know that. I sheared 15 1-4 pounds of wool from my yearlings, and sold a few that weighed 135 pounds. In a month after shearing time my ewes will weigh from 180 to 100 pounds. And are always fat with a half chance. They live long and breed well. I have some that raised lambs at 12 years old, and I sold the lambs at $10.

In regard to the profits of wool growing Mr. McDaniel says: On the first day of January in each year I credit my farm with everything it produces in grain, grass, pasture and stock raised each year of all kinds. Then I take out my taxes and expenses for the year. This enables me to know exactly what I am doing at the end of each year, and what kind of stock is most profitable. This accurate account shows me that my sheep are the most profitable of any stock that I handle, although I have sold fine cattle from $50 to $500; but this is like getting office—you hardly ever get two terms together. If a good dog law is passed this winter by our Legislature, there are hundreds of men in our State that would go into the sheep business. Every man that owns eighty acres of land in the State could pay his tax with ten sheep. This is rather a secret I am telling, but times are so hard I will tell you. Try it. Start with ten good ewes and four dollars per head. They will shear $20 worth of wool, and raise seven lambs sure, which, at $3 each, makes $21, and added to the value of the wool it makes $41, which is the Dutchman's "one per cent." and one dollar over. Now any person that owns eighty acres of land can run these sheep, before he breaks his corn ground in the spring, on each field, and they will clean his fence corners and briars all out; then on his stubble fields in the Fall, so that he will never miss what they eat, and he can go right on with his farming as usual, with his taxes paid, and he don't know how, and be converted over in favor of a good dog law besides.

The Horse.

THOUGHTS ON BREEDING HORSES.

[National Live Stock Journal, Chicago.]

We often hear it said that it does not pay for farmers to raise this or that breed of horses, but this is true only in a limited sense. The best always pays. The best specimens of any strain or style of horses sell readily, at good prices, and the poor ones of all breeds are drugs upon the market. It is no doubt true that a much greater measure of success may be expected with some breeds than with others, the choice depending largely upon the circumstances of the farmer, his location, etc., and that as a general rule, ordinary farmers cannot compete with wealthy professional breeders in producing horses for racing purposes, either runners or trotters; but even in these classes much will depend upon the location and the sort of brood mares the farmer may have upon his farm. If he is situated in a region famous for producing turf horses, one that is frequented by buyers of such horses, where he can have access to first class stallions, and his brood mares are of strains of blood noted for producing winners, he will certainly find it more profitable to breed horses of this class. Where these conditions do not exist, he will usually find the surest profit in breeding heavy draft or stylish carriage horses.

☞ Peaches are likely to be a light crop this season over the West and South. The record shows that Texas bids fair for a crop in some sections, but the distance and express charges are likely to make them costly North this year.

"SMITH'S IMPROVED" GOOSEBERRY.

One of the hardiest—most prolific and free from mildew. Grows very vigorously.

The Poultry Interest.

EGG-EATING HENS.

[Fanny Field in Prairie Farmer.]

The quickest and most effectual method of cure is to watch your flock until you detect the guilty ones, then catch them and cut their heads off. Another method is to mow fine them in a coop by themselves for a month or more, and give one feed each day of raw meat chopped fine, and keep plenty of crushed oyster shells by them. Have two or three nest eggs of something that will not break, in the coop all the time. The hens will try to eat these eggs, but finding all attempts to break them in vain they will finally give it up. The meat and oyster shells will satisfy the craving for animal food and lime, and a month or six weeks of confinement and porcelain eggs will effect a cure. I used to be troubled with egg-eaters among my flock, and cured several by this method, but should not try it again unless the hens were very valuable.

There are several ways by which hens learn to eat their eggs. In cold weather eggs are left in the nest until they freeze and crack open, the hens peck at the cracks and soon learn that eggs are good to eat. Egg-shells are thrown to the hens and they devour them greedily for the sake of the lime, and soon learn to peck at the whole eggs. From lack of shell-forming ingredients in their food, hens frequently lay soft-shelled eggs, or eggs without any shells, and as they doubtless feel ashamed of their unfinished work, devour it to get it out of sight.

The preventives are obvious. Give your hens plenty of lime in some shape—crushed oyster-shells, burnt bones or old plaster, and always use porcelain nest-eggs. As soon as an egg-eater is discovered she should be killed at once, or removed from the other fowls until a cure is effected. One egg-eating hen will soon corrupt the morals of the entire flock.

SPRING CHICKENS.

For the first month, says *Town and Country*, they should have been frequently fed every day, and their allowance should have been mostly thoroughly cooked food. Stale bread crumbs, pounded crackers, broken rice and hard-boiled eggs are the best articles that can be given them during this early period, for the reason that all these things are most readily digestible. They eat but very little while at this tender age any way, and the best is the least costly in the end. Thus, so far as true economy is to be considered these articles will prove the most desirable and the most profitable to the young stock.

At from one to four months old chicks grow rapidly if well attended to. We have found the better plan to be, at least, until the young birds are two months old or past, to continue the above style of feeding half the time, and alternate their daily allowance with a good dry mash of boiled potatoes and corn meal in the morning, mixed in equal parts. Twice a week, until they get to the ground and forage for insect food, we give the young birds a meal of finely chopped cooked coarse meat, which helps their growth wonderfully. In no case do we feed raw meat. And we have found this rule a good one in our experience.

SPREADING MANURE.

Prof. S. W. Johnson of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station, in reply to an inquiry through the *Connecticut Farmer*, says that manure from the yard or stable rarely contains such an amount of volatile fertilizing matter as should deter from spreading it broadcast on the surface when most convenient. Unless manure is very rich, as from grain fed animals, and is in an active state of fermentation, hot and smoking, and exhales a distinct smell of hartshorn, there can be no loss from exposure, and in any case the loss will be less by spreading out thinly, than by dropping in small heaps, because spreading means cooling and the stop of fermentation. The soil if not sand is an energetic absorber of ammonia and will not allow much to escape.

But manures when properly handled, need not suffer any waste from evaporation. A moderate and regulated heating of fresh manure results in the formation of humic acid which secures the ammonia from loss by evaporation. This moderate heating it should have before hauling out or in cold weather before it heats at all.

The advantages of spreading manure from the wagon as it is drawn out are a saving of labor and an even distribution of the soluble salts (ammonia, potash, phosphate, etc.,) in the soil by rain. If the manure is heaped on the field and gets a heavy rain before spreading the ground under the heaps receives an undue share of the best part of the manure.

Independently however of loss by evaporation, there may be circumstances when it is best to get the manure into the ground before it has had a chance to become dry, for it distributes much better when moist and swollen with water than when "chippy" or "snuffy" in texture, and is ready at once to act as manure, whereas dry manure must recover moisture before it can be of any use, or it.

Horticulture.

FRUIT TREES.

[W. A. London, in Rural Messenger.]

I find that lime, wood ashes and old iron put around the roots of declining fruit trees, have a very beneficial effect. These fertilizers restore the tree to a healthy condition, and also greatly improve the fruit in quality and quantity. I made the application on a Windsap and Never Fail; about half a bushel of mixed lime and ashes to each, and dug it in with a hoe some six feet around the trunk, and put the old iron immediately around the base of each.

The trees put forth with renewed vigor, bloomed abundantly, and yielded a good crop of fruit. An excellent wash for trees may be made thus: Heat an ounce of salsoda to redness in an iron pot, and dissolve it in one gallon of water, and while warm apply it to the trunk. After one application the moss and old bark will drop off and the trunk will be quite smooth. The wash has highly recuperative properties, making old trees bear anew.

I have tried soft soap as a wash with good results, and also a coating of lime in the spring season, which is a fine specific for old trees. The question is often asked, is it best to manure trees in the fall or spring? I have found the summer season to be a good time; have much faith in mulching, especially young trees, for several seasons after they are planted. Apple trees are said to have two growths during the season—the secondary growth takes place after midsummer, hence it is that a top dressing of good manure, and also coarse litter, facilitates the late growth, and often produces very marked results in the habit and formation of the tree.

The good effect that mulching has to young trees is, that it wards off the intense heat of the sun from the tender roots, and also has a tendency to hold moisture. A good top dressing of stable manure in the fall, around young trees, with a good many corn cobs cast over the surface of the soil, give satisfactory results.

Porcine.

RAISING PIGS.

[National Live Stock Journal, Chicago.]

The most important thing for the swine breeder at this season of the year is, to get the greatest possible growth from his spring pigs. There is no period in the life of a hog when so great a return for the food consumed is possible, as during the first six months, and it is here that the advantages of skillful feeding are apparent. Unless great care be taken, the growth of the pig will be seriously checked when it is from three to five weeks old. The milk of the dam, which was ample to promote a rapid growth in the litter of pigs during the first two or three weeks, is not sufficient to answer the demands of the same litter as they grow older; hence the pigs should early be taught to look elsewhere for a part of their sustenance. This is an easy matter; a little milk or nutritious food of any kind, in liquid form, placed conveniently by, where the pigs can have access to it at all times, but beyond the reach of the sow, will soon do the work; and it should be replenished frequently through the day. If this is attended to, there will be no "stunting" of the pigs at this critical period, and their growth will be uniform and rapid. A good clover pasture is a valuable adjunct, and helps wonderfully. The true secret of successful pork making is to *push* the pig from the date of birth until it is big enough for the market; and the earlier the age at which this point can be reached, the greater is the return for the food consumed.

A slop made of corn and oats, ground in about equal parts, with a little oil meal added, makes the best food for the sow while suckling, to increase the flow of milk; and this, with clover pasture and plenty of soaked corn during the summer, will promote a rapid and healthy growth of the pigs.

GREEN FOOD FOR SHORT PASTURES.

[Western Rural.]

If the farm is well stocked with cows it seldom happens that the pasture is not short at some period in the season, and if it has a large proportion of pasture to the number of cows then there will be considerable grass not eaten off at the flush, and when the season is dry these uneaten spots will be so tough that cows will eat very little of the grass. It is better in the early part of the season to have cows enough to eat the grass down about even all over the pasture, for it then furnishes more food as the season advances. But the dairyman should make provision early in the season for any deficiency which may happen in his pasture; and for this oats is one of the best crops to feed green, and they should be sown early so as to be used, if necessary, in July. The oat is as well adapted to produce milk as clover, but to be at the best it should be fed in the milk. It is then most palatable and nutritious. Milk is a highly nitrogenous body, and, therefore, oats, clover and most of the grasses furnish the right food for it.

Market Gardening.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

THE BOSTON MARROW SQUASH.

But few if any variety of squashes give such universal satisfaction as the Boston Marrow; but for reasons not yet fully understood, it is much more difficult to grow than most of the other varieties.

As soon as it opens its leaves above ground, the striped bug abandons all other varieties and gives his entire attention to this, which appears to be his favorite food. Should the striped bug be conquered before the plants are killed, the black squash bug puts in an appearance giving this variety the preference; should these be conquered before they commence their destructive work, the vines will begin to look very promising, the leaves will be large and of good color, the vines will make a very rapid growth, running out in different directions, and the little squashes begin to appear; the proprietor examines them with pride and begins to look forward with pleasure to the time when the Governor will appoint a day of thanksgiving and praise; thus furnishing an opportunity to use a portion of his squashes to make those favorite pies, which, however large and deep the plates may be, that they are baked in, and however few may be the number of pieces they are cut in, always seem too small; but when after a few days the proprietor again visits his garden, his thoughts no longer dwell on the annual day of feasting, for finding his squash vines no longer green and luxuriant, but the leaves of nearly every vine turning yellow, and some of them in the last stages of decay, leaving the little squashes worse than orphans, bitter disappoint takes such complete possession of his thoughts, that if the Governor should put in an appearance he would feel like requesting him to appoint, at an early date, a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer. This sudden change, which so often takes place in this stage of the growth of the Marrow squash, is supposed to be caused by a small worm that eats its way up near the centre of the stock near the surface of the ground.

Some writers assert that the death of the vines at this stage of their growth is caused by the black squash bug, burrowing around the vines and eating the bark off near the roots; we have no doubt that both of these enemies cause the death of many vines.

Having a method of our own for growing the Marrow squash, that has thus far never failed to produce a good crop, although adopted more than twenty-five years ago, it may not be out of place to give it to the readers of the *Ploughman*, even though we are not fully satisfied of the cause of the success.

In preparing the ground for a crop of squashes, we have it well ploughed and harrow in at the rate of fifteen cords of good stable manure to the acre. The seeds are planted the last of May or the first of June. In preparing the hills we make them six feet apart each way, and very large; into each hill we put three shovelsful of strong fresh unfermented manure; this is mixed with the earth and covered up; the seed is planted around the hill in which is placed the manure; as soon as the squashes are above ground, they are covered with air-slacked lime, and the ground around the roots of the plants is covered with lime at least one-eighth of an inch deep. The striped bug finding no chance to burrow around the roots of the plants, and not being able to eat the leaves covered with lime, will seek more congenial quarters.

When the black bugs come we let a few chickens run among the vines; they are very fond of the small bugs, and will eat them as fast as they hatch, and thus the vines are, without trouble, kept entirely free from these destructive enemies to the squash vine.

Three years that we planted the 20th of May and did not fill the hill with strong manure we lost our entire crop, by the vines dying after the little squashes began to form, whether from early planting or from a neglect to fill the hill with strong manure we are not yet satisfied, but shall have to solve the question by experiments; we have thought it possible that the manure may be so offensive to the worm that it drives him away, and thus the vines escape, but are more

in order to see that the buttermilk is all worked out.

All cows are not good butter cows, but good butter cows are found among most all breeds of stock. A cautious selection should always be observed in the choice of butter cows; the color of the butter is quite important, although perhaps it may not make any difference in the flavor. P. C.

Walpole, Mass., 1879.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1879.

Gen. Grant leaves Yokohama Japan, the last of June and will reach San Francisco about July 20.

No more ten dollar Treasury Certificates are to be sent on sale to the larger cities. The brokers are especially sorry for this.

The English treaty of peace with the Ameer of Afghanistan has been fully concluded.

In the opinion of Prince Bismark, high protective duties on timber for Germany will not diminish the supply of American woods.

Business is taking on a brighter look everywhere, but agriculture is outdoing itself all over the country. The future is bright for all.

England has shown what she thinks of Lord Chelmford's ability as a commander, by displacing him and giving the command in South Africa to Sir Garnet Wolseley.

There was a severe frost in some sections of Vermont Monday night. At Springfield the mercury fell to 30 deg., and vegetation was destroyed in several localities.

The Paris Isthmus Congress has decided in favor of the Wyse plan for effecting a passage for ships, rating the Nicaragua route second. It is not at all probable that either of them will be reduced to fact in a hurry.

Impressive funeral rites were held over the remains of the late William Lloyd Garrison Wednesday, in the First Church, in Roxbury. Eulogies were pronounced by Wendell Phillips, Lucy Stone Blackwell, Rev. Samuel Johnson and Theodore D. Weld.

Gen. Natt Head, Governor-elect of New Hampshire, will be inaugurated at Concord on Thursday, June 5th, and an unusual military display will mark the occurrence. A number of distinguished military and other men have been invited to be present, including the Governors of several New England States.

The readers of the *Ploughman* will be rejoiced, with ourselves, to learn that the health of Marshall P. Wilder is very greatly improved of late, so that he is able to walk about his room with the assistance of a cane True to his intellectual impulses, he has become impatient of continued illness and is engaged in preparing his Address for the Pomological Society, which, however, "will in all probability have to be read by some other person for him.

New England Agricultural Fair.—Worcester is taking seasonable steps to promote the success of the Fair of the New England Agricultural Society in that city in September. The Committee of Arrangements are holding meetings for the completion of the local arrangements, and have appointed finance and printing, reception, ploughing match and working cattle, and premium award, sub-committees, which are composed of the best citizens of Worcester. Hon. Charles B. Pratt will be Chief Marshal with a number of assistants who have been selected. Superintendents of the different departments have likewise been appointed. The premium list will be printed in due time, its various points being at present under discussion by the Committee of Arrangements. The show of the poultry department has been attended to. A premium of five dollars for the best bull calf under one year old, and a diploma for the second best, also the same for heifer calves of the same breed, were voted by the Committee. A committee was likewise appointed to make arrangements for a game of base ball on the first day of the Fair. The Executive Committee of the Worcester Agricultural Society voted to hold a Farmers' Institute on the Fair Grounds in Worcester on the 17th of June, and to invite the Worcester County Agricultural Societies to meet with them, making a general reunion and celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the existence of the Worcester Society.

CONGRESS.

The Senate has been engaged in the discussion of the Cattle Transportation bill. It finally voted to strike out two of its clauses, and then postponed further action on it until December. The House took up the Yellow Fever bill, which came from the Senate, and after a debate rejected all amendments and passed it just as it was. The Ways and Means Committee has decided in favor of adjourning Congress on the 10th of June; it is thought that such a proposal can be carried in both branches. The Warner Silver bill finally passed the House, after considerable discussion, but concerning its merits not much is as yet distinctly known. It was complicated with a great number of amendments. There is a rapidly growing opinion that the army and legislative appropriation bills will be passed, and that their riders will be passed separately and sent to the President.

FARMING IN NEW ENGLAND.

The occasional reports which are made concerning the condition of agriculture in this country are full of suggestive lessons for all who will take the pains to read them. From time to time they are made by one of the leading New York journals, after a thorough canvass of every State and Section, and from them may be drawn reliable conclusions as to our agricultural condition. The New York Times has very recently been at the pains to compile a report thus made, from which it says that the general conclusions to be drawn are that our agricultural products will this year probably be larger than ever before, and certainly will be very large. We shall have a heavy surplus of wheat and corn to export. With the flattering prospects as to corn and grass, it is safe to assume that the surplus of provisions, of pork, beef, lard, and of butter and cheese, will also be considerable. At the same time we are likely to have abundant food at reasonable prices—an important element in the competition which our manufacturers are entering on with those of other nations, and still more important in the general problem of home commerce. In many of the reports are to be found statements as to the rates of wages and the condition of general business. These all agree that while wages are low, employment is more uniform and business more active than for a long time. From whatever standpoint, therefore, we regard the immediate future, we have reason to be encouraged.

In reference to the New England States, it states that there has obviously been a considerable revival of agriculture. While, for many years, the young men of these States have sought better returns for their labor, either in mechanical pursuits or in trade, or in farming at the West, there is now a perceptible tendency to get back to the tilling of the land. In the neighborhood of cities more small farming is being done, not producing anything for shipment, but supplying in part a demand which has for a long time drawn upon other sections. In the strictly agricultural portions of these States there has been a good deal of change in the ownership of land, and larger farms are forming under the control of men commanding more capital, whose better-directed management is producing better results. As to the specific crops, it may be said that, while miscellaneous cereal products and fruits promise well, the grass crop, with its attendant products of the dairy, is decidedly the most important. Probably it would be safe to say that New England will contribute at least 10 per cent. more of hay, and of butter, cheese and stock, than last year.

William Lloyd Garrison.—The recent death of this well-known American has called forth universal remark on his character and career. Considering with what resolute earnestness he fought his early war, the passion which he carried into his conflicts, and the intensity with which he worked in the field he had chosen, a contemporary says there is something almost phenomenal in the calmness which characterized the latest years of his life. We must concede much to the sweet gravity which time brought to his character, and to the mellowing influences which always wait upon old age. The fiery youth who sounded his shrill blast of defiance in 1828 could not be recognized in the serene old man who, fifty years later, only occasionally mingled in public affairs to speak or write a few wise and tranquillizing words. Nevertheless, it was because slavery was abolished, and the questions growing out of the changed condition of things were logically separated from all that had gone before, that he was content to leave the main issue as finally and forever closed. The condition of the liberated slaves, their fitness for the exercise of their newly-acquired rights, and the attitude of their former owners toward them, were all matters in which he must needs be deeply interested. But the long campaign against slavery was over. He could afford to hang up his bruised arms and take repose.

Silver Remonetization.—Ex-Gov. Fenton of New York, who was one of the representatives of the United States at the European Monetary Conference last year, has just returned from abroad. He says, in reference to the matter, that those countries which have demonetized silver are beginning to discuss the question whether or not the demonetization was a mistake. In Germany particularly the leaning appears to be toward a return to silver currency, and he thought it quite likely that the German Government would soon show a strong disposition to remonetize that metal. A similar feeling that demonetization was a mistake is also gaining ground in London and other English cities. Naturally, the movement is slow among the English people, but there, as in other countries, the Senator thinks the demonetization tide has reached the turning point. The discussion of the matter he considers the first step toward remonetization. He believes that the United States cannot stand alone on its silver policy without European co-operation. He thinks, in view of the present sentiment abroad, that it might be profitable for the United States Government if another conference could be arranged for the coming Fall or Winter—not with a view to present, but to future results. If silver is remonetized in the European countries, said he, it could not, of course, take the place of the other coin metals, but it would soon find its proper secondary place as a medium of exchange.

Tom Moore's Centennial.—This occurred on the 28th., Wednesday, and was appropriately celebrated by his admirers in this city. A critic says of him and of the occasion that he had a pretty fancy, and a delicate feeling for the light, er beauties of language and of versification; but of imagination, of insight, of strong human emotion, almost nothing. But what he had answered all his purposes. He is a marked example of the mistaken appreciation so common among contemporaries, and in this he was not alone. It was the fashion in his day to rate him, and Scott, and Southey, and Byron, and Campbell together. Of these five, South·y, who filled as large a place in the public eye as any one of the others, and who did not hesitate to say of himself that he wrote for immortality, has almost passed out of sight and out of memory; Moore is every year less regarded, and lives quite as much because he is sung as because he is read; while the life of Campbell's virile lyrics seems inextinguishable, and Scott and Byron have taken their place among the immortals in the next rank to that in which only Homer, Shakespeare, and Dante stand. Tom Moore may have his centennial; but it is safe to say that, even among Irishmen, he will never have another.

The Export of Cattle.—It is estimated, says the *New York Times*, by persons who have taken the trouble to investigate the subject that the falling off this season in the exportation of live cattle from this country to England is due fully as much to the unprofitable character of last year's ventures as to the sanitary regulations of the British Government. It is known that some of the exporters were very heavy losers, one of them, suffering to the extent of more than $250,000. We pointed out some time ago that it was a singular fact that American beef could be bought from London butchers for apparently as low prices as those asked for a similar article by retail dealers in this city, and as at the time the business of shipping cattle was claimed to be a profitable one, we were somewhat at a loss to account for the singular condition of these two markets. If proper facilities existed for carrying on the trade, remunerative returns could be received from it; that is, supposing the restrictions against the free entry of American cattle were withdrawn. But if this is the case, our home dealers have yet to explain how it is that a similarity of price can be profitably maintained at these widely-separated places, for under any conceivable condition, it must enhance in some degree the cost of a thousand pounds of beef to transport it 3,000 additional miles.

Letter from John Bright.—This distinguished British statesman writes for the June number of the North American Review a letter, from which we make the accompanying extract: "I do not think there is any chance of a return in this country to the doctrine of protection. We export everything but agricultural produce; to protect our manufactures is manifestly impossible; from another cause, the protection of our land produce is not more possible. Half our population exists on imported food; to limit this import by customs duties, in order to raise the price of home-grown food, is a proposition that cannot be entertained for a moment. Such a scheme offered to Parliament and the country would destroy any Government and any party. We are passing through a time of commercial depression; its causes are apparent to those who examine and consider the facts of recent past years. But in times of trouble ignorant men seize upon unlikely and impossible propositions and schemes for relief. There is no special medicine for this malady. Time, patience, the working of natural laws, the avoidance and cessation of the excitement and half madness of the past and a general economy will bring about a cure, not without some or much suffering, but without failure."

The Tramp Procession.—New Hampshire having driven her tramps into Massachusetts, and Massachusetts having driven them into Connecticut, and Connecticut having driven them into New York, the latter State is called on to devise means for driving them somewhere else. A New York journal says our State has always been the favorite marching ground of the army of tramps. They come in the winter in our comfortable city charitable institutions or hide in cellars or attics, living on begging and pilfering, and with spring sally forth in every direction—up the Hudson, along the Sound, to New Jersey, to Long Island and Staten Island, and after a summer's agreeable roving and life in the open, mingled with some thieving and worse crimes, return in the autumn to the comfortable protection of the city. Any one living near the great turnpikes to New York will recall the procession of tramps which defile day after day along those roads to or from the city, according to the time of the year. The rural residents commonly feed them, as much through fear as benevolence; they sleep in old barns and under haystacks, and the smoke of their gypsy-fires may be seen at almost any point on the old turnpike between New York and Albany or on the river-side. The barn-burnings in the country, and most of the burglaries, come from these rovers.

The Elective System at Harvard.—A New York paper having warmly eulogized the elective system of studies that now prevails at Harvard, giving President Eliot the credit therefor, a graduate corrects the err·r to be found in the statement in the following manner, giving the credit to those to whom it belongs:—"While fully recognizing the rare administrative qualities of President Eliot, attention should be called to the fact that the "elective system," to which Harvard mainly owes its increase of numbers did not originate with him, but was adopted simultaneously with his inauguration, having been worked out in detail by the Faculty before that event. Among those to whom the plan was chiefly due were Prof. Goodwin of the Greek Department, and Prof. J. P. Cooke, Jr., of the Department of Chemistry. President Eliot simply brought his great executive ability to carry out a system which would have equally taken effect—though, perhaps, not so successfully—under any other President. But the real emancipator of Harvard was the University of Michigan.

New Hampshire State Agricultural Society.—An adjourned annual meeting of the New Hampshire Agricultural Society was held at Manchester, Wednesday, May 28. The following-named gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: Warren Brown of Hampton Falls, President; Presidents of the various County Societies, Vice Presidents; Aaron Young of Dover, Secretary; George W. Riddle of Manchester, Treasurer; Warren F. Daniel of Franklin, Peter W. Jones of Amherst, Nathaniel Hubbard of Tamworth, Stephen Holt of Epping, Thomas M. Jamesson of Somersworth, Nat·an R. Perkins of Jefferson, Noah Hardy of Nelson, Frank J. Christie of Dover, Chester Pike of Cornish, and B. C. Coe of Centre Harbor, Directors; George B. Chandler of Manchester and Andrew H. Young of Dover, Auditors; E. C. Shirley of Goffstown, Chief Marshal. On motion of Governor Smythe, it was voted that the place of the next State Fair be left to the Executive Committee of the State Society, and that the Fair be held Sept. 16.

Death of Mr. Garrison.—William Lloyd Garrison died in New York at 10.45 last Saturday evening, May 24th, having been unconscious for twenty-two hours. Except in one or two instances his mind was clear until Friday night at midnight. He lay peacefully on his bed, painless and oblivious, surrounded by his devoted family. His four sons—William Lloyd, George Thompson, Wendell Phillips and Francis Jackson, and his daughters, Mrs. Villard and Mrs. Wright, were with him during his illness. His death was quiet and peaceful. The *Sun* says:—"Many old friends of Mr. Garrison visited his daughter's residence on Sunday and looked at the remains, which will be taken to Roxbury on Monday night or Tuesday morning.

☞ *The North American Review* for June presents for a list of contents the following articles: Mon Testament—*Entre a Chloe*, an unpublished poem, by Voltaire; National Appropriations and Misappropriations, by Gen. Garfield; The Stagnation of Trade and its Cause, by Prof. Bonamy Price; The Education of Freedmen, by Harriet Beecher Stowe; Secret Missions to San Domingo, by Admiral D. D. Porter; Sacred Books of the East, by Prof. Max Muller; Evolution and Theology, by Prof. Simon Newcomb; The Pacific Railroad, by Henry V. Poor; Current Literature, by Mayo W. Hazeltine, and Will England return to Protection?—A Letter to the Editor, by Right Hon. John Bright, M. P. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ *How to Breed Light Brahma Fowls*, is the compact title of a little manual from the pen of that practised and renowned prize-poultry breeder, Mr. George P. Burnham, of Melrose, Mass. What Mr. Burnham does not know about his specialty nobody need inquire for. This timely little volume contains a chromo frontispiece of American prize birds, together with numerous other engravings of popularly known light Brahmas. There is nothing on the subject of this breed of fowls which this most attractive little book does not teach or treat of. A beginner in poultry raising can, by reading and following it, easily grow from an amateur into an enthusiast, and a successful one. The perusal of it will give the "poultry fever" to almost any one, even of those who have had it before. This is No. 7 of the author's books for poultrymen.

☞ Number One of *Moore's Rural Life* is before us, a periodical designed to promote the Home interests of all residents of city, suburbs, village, or country as delightful in flowers, fruits shrubs, landscape and kitchen gardening, and in those pleasant adornments and surroundings which render life enjoyable, whether in cottage, villa, or mansion, so says the Prospectus. The entire rural community will cordially welcome Mr. Moore back to his legitimate work again. Few men are more thoroughly qualified to perform what he has now undertaken. The first number of Rural Life is fully up to the promise of the editor, and will be found unusually attractive and instructive. We cordially wish it long life and increasing honors for the editor.

☞ *How to Grow Handsome*, is a book of hints toward physical perfection and the philosophy of human beauty. It shows how to acquire and retain bodily symmetry, health and vigor, to secure long life, and avoid the infirmities and deformities of age. It is written by D. G. Jacques, author of "The Temperaments," and contains an introduction by the editor of the Phrenological Journal. It is well supplied with illustrations, and is calculated to further the cause of physical culture. There are nearly 250 pages, with more than twenty extra plates, and over a hundred illustrations. Published by S. R. Wel's & Co., New York.

☞ *Haying Tools* are to be had in all their variety at *Joseph Breck & Sons*, of which some idea may be obtained from their advertisement elsewhere. This enterprising and always well-stocked agricultural firm have on hand the Improved Ithaca Wheel Horse Rake, and Wm. Auson Wood's Mower, of which illustrative sketches are given elsewhere. This agricultural house claims that the above rake is the only horse dump-rake without springs, ratchets, or cog-wheels, each tooth being independent, and very easily handled. Also, the mower above mentioned is the only mowing-machine having patent chilled iron boxes, tubular iron frame, and other important features which are mentioned. No house in New England surpasses that of Joseph Breck & Sons in respect to its stock of Haying Tools and Machinery.

☞ *E. E. Lummus & Co.*, offer to farmers, in this issue of the *Ploughman*, "The New Warrior" Mower, for which they claim a superiority over the old Warrior in consequence of many improvements, the fruit of experience. In respect of draft, management, riding, gearing, tilting device, and durability, the strongest claims are made for it. What it is capable of doing the announcement of Lummus & Co., in another column will abundantly show.

☞ *The Higanum Manufacturing Corporation*, No. 38 South Market St., offer with a large variety of low-priced Farming Tools, the "Tiger" Self-Operating Sulky Hay Rake, which has no superior for simplicity, strength, and durability. Also, the Favorite Hand Dump Rake, One-Horse Mowers, Hay Tedders, and other farming implements. Read their advertisement elsewhere.

☞ *Everett & Small*, 43 South Market street, have on hand a heavy stock of Haying Tools, including the new Challenge Rake, the Daisy Rake, the Gleaner Rake, the Yankee Rake, the Collins Hay-Tedder, the Clipper Mower, and Hand Hay-Rakes, which they offer to agriculturists at prices to suit the times. Their advertisement will well repay general perusal.

☞ "*Something new for the Potato Bugs.*"—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement with the above heading, in another column; by the use of the articles here advertised the farmers are able to destroy these pests in a safe and cheap manner, without liability of injuring either vines or tubers.

☞ Choice Stock.—By an advertisement elsewhere, farmers will notice that the choice stock owned by the Massachusetts Agricultural College is offered for sale at auction. It is all of pure breed, and includes Shorthorn, Jersey and Brittany animals. Full particulars are given in the auctioneer's catalogue.

Consolation for the Nervous.—Vitalized Phosphates, a brain and nerve food, cures all derangements of the nerves, restores enfeebled digestion, gives vigor in place of weakness and lassitude, re-invigorates the over-worked brain, and prevents consumption. Physicians have prescribed 160,000 packages in all forms of debility and nervousness, thus restoring vitality to the system by food, not by medicine.

F. Crosby, 666 Sixth Ave., N. Y.

For sale by Druggists.

Reading Nurseries.—Mr. J. W. Manning has sixteen acres of young and growing trees; some of them as fine specimens of their kind as can be found in the country. In his nurseries are more than 300,000 fruit and ornamental trees in fine growing condition. All persons desiring to purchase fruit or ornamental trees and shrubs should visit J. W. Manning.

☞ The changing seasons always demand of us some attention to our health. Not a one all—Hood's Sarsaparilla—but a remedy just suited to loss of appetite, debility and the languor peculiar to the season. A medicine whose merit must recommend it to those who have used it. Composed of those roots, barks and herbs, which are known to all as best for those troubles, "Hood's Cook Book" sent free Send for one. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass

FROM THE HUB.

There is perhaps no tonic offered to the people that possesses so much real intrinsic value as the Hop Bitters. Just at this season of the year, when the stomach needs an appetizer, or the blood needs purifying, the cheapest and best remedy is Hop Bitters. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; don't wait until you are prostrated by a disease that may take months for you to recover in.—*Boston Globe.*

TRIED TO MURDER HIS WIFE.

LeRoy Cortright of Spencer, awoke his wife Friday morning and said her the Lord had commanded him to kill her. Mrs. Cortright had sufficient presence of mind to make no demur, but got permission to go down stairs and see her sick mother before being slaughtered, and once down she scooted for the nearest neighbors, nimbly pursued by her husband. Assistance was procured, and after a severe tussle, Mr. Cortright was secured and placed in durance. He had become suddenly insane from scrofulous catarrh, and is supposed to be incurable. Though we are certain that a faithful use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy would effect a speedy cure. For many years these remedies have been acknowledged as positive specifics for all scrofulous and catarrhal affections.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

A SKETCH OF HIS REMARKABLE CAREER.

Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, the great anti-slavery leader who was seized with sudden and severe illness while visiting his daughter in New York city, died Saturday, May 24, at 10.45 P. M. Mr. Garrison's name is so prominently and so inseparably connected with the anti-slavery movement in this country that anything like a faithful record of his long and earnest life would include also a sketch of the most stirring events in our political history during the past half century. To the admirers of the lofty character, the inflexible will and the vigorous purpose which carried him through years of heroic struggle to a glorious fulfilment, the following sketch of his life will prove interesting:

Mr. Garrison was born at Newburyport, Mass., Dec. 12, 1804. His parents were natives of the province of New Brunswick. His father, Abijah Garrison, was master of a vessel engaged in the West India trade, and a man of some literary ability and taste; but he became intemperate, and abandoned his family while his children were young. The mother, left in utter poverty, became a professional nurse, and in 1814 went to Lynn. William was at first apprenticed to a shoemaker, but afterward sent to school at Newburyport, partly supporting himself by work at the wood sawyer. In 1815 he went with his mother to Baltimore, where he remained a year in the capacity of an errand boy, and then returned to Newburyport. In 1818 he was bound apprentice to Ephraim W. Allen, editor of the *Newburyport Herald*, to learn the art of printing, and when only sixteen or seventeen years of age began to write upon political and other topics for the *Herald*, carefully preserving his incognito, and once received through the post-office a letter of thanks from his master, with a request that he would continue to write. He soon commenced writing also for other journals, and a series of articles which he wrote for the *Salem Gazette*, under the signature of "Aristides," attracted much attention in political circles.

In 1826 he became the proprietor and editor of a journal in his native town, called the *Free Press*, which proved unsuccessful. He then worked for a time as a journeyman in Boston. In 1827 he became the editor of the *National Philanthropist* in this city, the first journal ever established to advocate the cause of "total abstinence"; and in 1828 he joined a friend in the publication of the Journal of the Times at Bennington, Vt. This journal supported John Quincy Adams for the presidency, and was in part devoted to peace, temperance, anti-slavery, and other reforms; but it failed to receive an adequate support. During his residence in Bennington he produced considerable excitement upon the subject of slavery, not only in that village but throughout the State, in consequence of which there was transmitted to Congress an anti-slavery petition more numerously signed than any similar paper previously submitted to that body. Benjamin Lundy, an advocate of the gradual abolition of slavery, was then engaged in publishing the "Genius of Universal Emancipation" at Baltimore. He had met Mr. Garrison during the previous year in Boston, and received from him timely assistance in bringing his cause to the notice of the public in this city. Having for a co-adjutor, he went to Bennington and engaged Mr. Garrison to join him in the editorship of his journal.

On July 4th, 1829, Mr. Garrison delivered in Park Street Church, Boston, an address which excited general attention by the boldness and vigor of his assaults upon slavery. In the autumn he began his labors in Baltimore as joint editor with Mr. Lundy of the Genius of Universal Emancipation, and in the first number issued under his supervision he made a distinct avowal of the doctrine of immediate emancipation as the right of the slave and the duty of the master. Mr. Lundy did not concur with him in this doctrine, but as each of them appended his initials to his articles, the difference interposed no barrier to hearty cooperation. The journal, by its bold and uncompromising tone, produced considerable excitement among the supporters of slavery, while Mr. Garrison's denunciations of the colonization society aroused the hostility of some who, upon other grounds, were inclined to sympathize with him. An event soon occurred which resulted in a dissolution of his connection with the paper. The ship Francis, owned by Francis Todd of Newburyport, having taken a cargo of slaves from Baltimore to Louisiana, Mr. Garrison denounced the act as a "domestic piracy," and charged his purpose to "cover with thick infamy" all those implicated therein. Baltimore being then the seat of an extensive domestic traffic in slaves, his denunciation produced a great deal of feeling, and, as the result in consequence indicted and convicted, in the city court, May term, 1830, for "a gross and malicious libel" against the owner and master of the Francis, and sentenced to pay a fine of $50 and costs of court. Being unable to discharge the judgment, he was committed to jail. Mr. Todd, in a civil suit for damages, subsequently obtained a judgment against him for $1,000; and Mr. Garrison, probably on account of his well-known poverty, was never enforced. His friend Lundy and a few other Quakers, were the only persons who visited him in jail to express their sympathy. The press at the North generally condemned his imprisonment as unjust, and his letters to different newspapers excited a deep interest. Gerrit Smith and Arthur Tappan of New York, and Benjamin Lundy, of Baltimore, protested against his imprisonment as an infraction of the liberty of the press. He remained in prison forty-nine days, when Arthur Tappan, a merchant of New York, paid the fine and costs, and he was set at liberty. It subsequently appeared that Mr. Tappan had in this act anticipated by a few days the generous purpose of Gerrit Clay, whose interposition had been invoked by a mutual friend.

His next step was to issue a prospectus for an anti-slavery journal to be published in Washington; and, with a view to excite a deeper interest in his enterprise, he prepared a course of lectures on slavery, which he subsequently delivered in Philadelphia, New York, New Haven, Hartford and Boston. In Baltimore his attempts to obtain a hearing were unsuccessful. Private efforts to secure a suitable place for the delivery of his lectures in Boston having been made in vain, he advertised in one of the daily journals that, it a meeting-house or hall were not offered before a certain day, he would address the people on the Common. An association of persons calling themselves infidels thereupon proffered him the gratuitous use of a hall under their control, and, no other offer being made, he delivered his lectures in that place, opened; taking care, at the same time, to avow his faith in Christianity as the power which alone could break the bonds of the slave. His lectures attended by large audiences, and awakened in some minds a permanent interest in the anti-slavery cause. His experience as a lecturer, however, convinced him that Boston rather than Washington was the best location for an anti-slavery journal, and that a revolution of public sentiment at the North must precede emancipation at the South. He accordingly relinquished the first number of the Liberator in Boston, Jan. 1, 1831, taking for his motto, "My country is the world, my countrymen are all mankind;" and declaring, in the face of the almost universal apathy upon the subject of slavery, "I am in earnest. I will not equivocate, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard." Mr. Knapp was the partner in the printing and publishing department. As they were without capital or promise of support from any quarter, they were unable to open an office on their own account. Mr. Garrison therefore applied to Mr. Allen, his former benefactor, being a warm personal friend of Mr. Garrison, generously employed him and his partner as journeymen, taking their labor as compensation in part for the use of his types. Mr. Garrison, after working mechanically in the day time, spent a large portion of the night in editorial labor. Having issued one number they waited upon the city hall to see whether they could find encouragement to proceed. The receipt of $50 from James Forten, a wealthy colored citizen of Philadelphia, with the names of twenty five subscribers, was the first cheering incident to their perseverance, and the journal was issued without interruption from that day. At the end of three weeks they opened an office for themselves; but for nearly two years their resources were so restricted that they made the office their only domicile. The Liberator attracted general attention, not only at the North but at the South. The mayor of Boston, Harrison Gray Otis, having been appealed to by a Southern magistrate to suppress it if possible by law, wrote in reply that his officers had "ferreted out the paper and its editor, whose office was an obscure hole, his only visible auxiliary a negro boy, his supporters a very few insignificant persons of all colors." Almost every mail, at this period, brought letters threatening Mr. Garrison with assassination if he did not discontinue his journal. In December, 1831, the Legislature of Georgia passed an act, offering a reward of $5000 to any person who should arre·t, bring to tr al, and prosecute to conviction, under the laws of that State, the editor or the publisher.

On Jan. 1, 1832, he secured the co-operation of eleven other persons in organising the New England (afterward Massachusetts) Anti-Slavery Society upon the principle of immediate and unconditional emancipation. This was the parent of those numerous affiliated associations by which the anti-slavery agitation was for many years sustained. In the spring of 1832 he published a work entitled "Thoughts on African Colonization," etc., in which he set forth at length the grounds of his opposition to that scheme. He went to England afterward to England, as an agent of the New England Anti-Slavery Society, to solicit the cooperation of the people of that country in measures designed to promote emancipation in the United States, and to lay before them his views of the colonization project. He was warmly received by Wilberforce, Brougtman, and their associates. In consequence of statements made by Mr. Garrison, Wilberforce and eleven of his principal coadjutators issued a protest against the American Colonization Society, pronouncing its plans deceptive, and its influence a delusion. The anti-slavery agitation previously excited was now greatly intensified, and at length awakened a resistance which manifested itself in a mobocratic spirit, inasmuch that for several years the holding of an anti-slavery meeting almost anywhere in the free States was a signal for riotous demonstrations, imperilling property and life. Mr. Thompson's arrival from England in 1834 inflamed the public mind to such a degree that at length, by the advice of his friends, he was induced to desist from his labors and return to his native land. A similar feeling rested at the close. Refined is quiet at unchanged prices, with a moderate inquiry from the trade. We quote standard cube at 8¼ @—c ⅌ lb; powdered at 8¼@—c; granulated at 8¼@—c; confectioners' A at 8¼c; standard A at 8c; extra C at 7¾c; extra yellow C at 6¾@7¼c, yellow C at 6¾@6¾c, and golden yellow C at 6¼@—c ⅌ lb.

In October, 1835, a meeting of the Female Anti-Slavery Society of Boston was riotously broken up by a collection of persons, described in the journals of the day as "gentlemen of property and standing." Mr. Garrison, who went to the meeting to deliver an address, after attempting to conceal himself from the fury of the mob in a carpenter's shop in the rear of the hall, was violently seized, let down by a rope from the window to the ground, and, partly denuded of his clothing, dragged through the streets to the city hall; whence, as the only means of saving his life, he was taken to jail by order of the mayor, upon the nominal charge that he was "a disturber of the peace." He was released on the following day, and, under protection of the city authorities, escorted to a place of safety in the country. These scenes of violence were followed by a discussion of the peace question, in which he took an earnest part as a champion of non-resistance; and in 1838 he led the way in the organization of the New England Non-Resistance Society.

About this time the question of the rights of women as members of the anti-slavery societies began to be mooted, Mr. Garrison contending that, so far as they wished to do so, they should be permitted to vote, serve on committees, and take part in discussion, on equal terms with men. Upon this question there was a division of the American Anti-Slavery Society in 1840; and in the World's Anti-Slavery Convention, held that year in London, Mr. Garrison being a delegate from that society, refused to take a seat because the female delegates from the United States were excluded. In 1843 he was chosen president of the society, and continued to hold the office till 1865, when, slavery having been abolished, he resigned, deeming the time had come for the dissolution of the society. In 1846 he made his third visit for anti slavery purposes to Great Britain. In 1845 a small volume of his "Sonnets and other Poems" was published in Boston, and in 1852 appeared a volume of "Selections" from his writings.

He was ever earnestly opposed to the formation of a political party by the Abolitionists, from a conviction that such a measure would inevitably corrupt the purity of the movement and postpone the day when emancipation might be secured. He never sought or contemplated the abolition of slavery in the States by Congress or any other branch of the National Government, his views as to the powers of that Government over the subject being the same as that were generally held by statesmen of all parties at the North as well as by many at the South. His first idea was that slavery might be abolished by moral influence, with such incidental aid as the National Government could constitutionally afford, and without disturbing the union of the States; but upon this point he at length changed his opinions, his observation of the south having convinced him that the system must inevitably be overthrown by the overwhelming moral powers of the National Government. Thenceforth he bent his energies to the work of hastening that consummation, and in April, 1865, by invitation of the secretary of war, he joined the party of Northerners who went to South Carolina to see the flag of an emancipated Union raised upon the battlements of Fort Sumter.

The first number of the Liberator, issued in 1831, found the whole nation asleep over the wrongs and dangers of slavery; the last number, issued on the last of December, 1865, by thirty-five years of conflict with the slave power, recorded the ratification of an amendment to the constitution of the United States, forever prohibiting the existence of slavery. The paper was then discontinued at the very moment when the object for which it was established was fully consummated. Soon after the close of the war, Mr. Garrison was tendered by the President one of the most eminent in the land, united in presenting Mr. Garrison with the sum of about $30,000, in token of their appreciation of his unremitting labors for the abolition of slavery. In 1867 he once more visited Great Britain, where the most distinguished citizens and statesmen united in honoring him for his devotion to the cause of the oppressed.

The Press Excursion.—The Massachusetts Press Association expect to visit the coal region of Pennsylvania, on their annual excursion, this year, and Tuesday, June 24, is fixed upon for the date of starting. The trip will include Howe's Cave and the Delaware Water Gap, and will be of a week's duration.

WE SOMETIMES SMILE.

We sometimes smile to hear men say,
"We cannot make our business pay;"
But it occasions no surprise
When told *they do not advertise.*
They know not how to draw the trade,
Hence they have little money made.
Not so with Fenno, who's more wise,
And knows *just how to advertise;*
His name most everybody knows,
And so the Boys go there for "Clothes,"
Coat, Pants, Vest, Hat and Shoes complete,
Corner of Beach and Washington street.
my31-1t

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 25th inst., by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Mr. R. Frank Robinson to Miss Ida F. Parsons, both of Boston.

In this city, 21st inst., by Rev. O. T. Walker, Mr. Dennis Keefe of Worcester, to Miss Catharine Sullivan of this city.

In this city, 22d inst., by Rev. Phillips Brooks, Mr. Decatur M. Sawyer of New York, to Miss Annie Chandler, daughter of Samuel C. Shapleigh, Esq., of this city.

In this city, 15th inst., by Rev. James Reed, Mr. Frederic W. Alger of Cambridge, to Miss Henrietta A. Williams of Boston.

In Cambridge, 20th inst., by Rev. Alexander McKenzie, Mr. Charles E. Wyzanski to Miss Susan Mitchell, daughter of Chas. H. Munroe of Cambridge.

In Bunker Hill District, 22d inst., by Rev. Joseph H. Mansfield, Mr. John S. Gray to Miss Henrietta Small, both of Bunker Hill District.

In Bunker Hill District, 17th inst., by Rev. Joseph H. Mansfield, Mr. Benj Shaw of Somerville, to Miss Annie M. Bartlett of Bunker Hill District.

In Belmont, 25th inst., by Rev. C. H. Spaulding, Mr. Kibridge C. Ellis of Boston to Miss Emma A. Hill of Belmont.

In North Scituate, 21st inst., by Rev. Grantville Yager, Mr. Henry N. Clark of Holbrook, to Miss Harriet N., daughter of Edwin Bailey, Esq., of North Scituate.

In Clinton, 21st inst., by Rev. H. L. Foote, Mr. Edward G. Stevens of Clinton, to Miss Fannie B. Britton of Boston.

In Walpole, 22d inst., by Rev. Clark Carter of Lawrence, Mr. Charles H. Carter of Franklin, to Miss Lillian J. Smith of Walpole.

In Milton, 22d inst., by Rev. Dr. A. K. Teele, Mr. Newman S. Boden of Milton, to Miss Nellie E. Fletcher of Nashua, N. H.

In Orange, 18th inst., by Rev. Mr. C. L. Waite, Mr. M. C. Dudley of Montague, Mass., to Miss Ida M. Jones of Cortlandt, N. Y.

In Peabody, 20th inst., by Rev. Mr. Whitney, Mr. Thomas H. Hintze of Malden, to Miss M. Addie Merl of Peabody.

In Danvers, 15th inst., by Rev. Dr. Daniel Steele, Mr. Frank N. Cooke of Boston, to Miss Arabelle Call of Danvers.

DEATHS.

In this city, 25th inst., Mary, widow of the late Edmund Tucker, aged 101 years 5 months 25 days.

In this city, 22d inst., Jane, wife of John F. Pray.

In this city, 21st inst., William J. Bullard.

In this city, 24th inst., Mrs. Sarah H., widow of the late Samuel Blake, 76 years 7 months.

In this city, 25th inst., Sarah C., wife of Freeman Smith, 56 years.

In this city, 21st inst., Deacon William Brigham of East Lexington, 74 years.

In Roxbury, 20th inst., Mrs. Sarah A. Gorham, wife of Andrew Gorham, 73 years 6 months.

In Boston Highlands, 23d inst., Mrs. Lucy Tobes, 64.

In Dorchester District, 26th ult., Eleazer Bullard, 67 years.

In Braintree, 28th inst., Hon. Alva Morrison, 74.

In Newtonville, 28th inst., Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt, 59 years 7 months.

In Dorchester 23d inst., Frances, wife of William Hall, 66 years 6 months.

In Cambridge, 26th inst., Mrs. Susan Tracy Hillard, widow of Hon. George S. Hillard and daughter of the late Hon. Samuel Howe.

In Cambridge, 23d inst., Ellen A., wife of William Torrey, 75 years 8 months.

In Jamaica Plain, 25th inst., Aden Bartlett, 83 years 6 months.

In Somerville, 26th inst., George Shumway, 31 years 2 months 15 days.

In East Somerville, 27th inst., Mary Alice, 18 years 11 months, only remaining daughter of Otis and Ellen Crosby Simonds.

In Milton, 30th inst., Caleb C. Cutler, late of Boston, 79 years.

In Westboro', 26th inst., Helen S. Cady, 29 years.

In Braintree, 24th inst., Francis R. Howe, 75 years.

In Malden, 24th inst., Henry Crehore, 59 years.

In Malden, 23d inst., Nellie Hayes, 18 yrs 6 mos.

In Winthrop, 23d inst., Mary Ella Bell, 4 mos.

In Waltham, 23d inst., Miss Mary Bright, 82 yrs.

In Newton Centre, 18th inst., Philip W. Goodridge, 70 years 3 months.

In Ashland, 23d inst., Josiah S. Hixam, 71 yrs 4 mos.

In

READ AND RUN.

—No reservation has ever been created by law in the Indian Territory, and therefore no tribes can be kept there by force.

—Drunkenness is increasing in Great Britain. From 1860 to 1876, the amount expended for intoxicating drinks increased from $420,000,000 to $736,000,000.

—A foolish fellow jumped from Suspension bridge into the Niagara River, last week, a distance of one hundred and ninety-two feet, and came up and out unhurt by his aerial journey and aquatic visit.

—The new style temperance society started in New York is called by a wag the "Hardly Ever Temperance Society."

—Fishermen are advised by a humane writer among them to kill their fish as soon as they are taken out of the water, by giving them a smart rap on the head.

—The worst thing about bycicles is that they terrify horses as they do on the road.

—The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin has decided that the word "person" does not include those of the female sex.

—The Chinese Government would have adopted an anti-American policy, if the anti-Chinese bill that passed Congress had not been vetoed by the President.

—Switzerland has decided by a popular vote to reinstate the death penalty.

—The Gingerbread Fair is now in full feather in Paris. It is held annually, and lasts about three weeks.

—The raising of beets for sugar is becoming "common talk" in our agricultural exchanges.

—One voice that blames has more strength than ten voices that praise.

—Vice-President Wheeler is troubled with chronic insomnia, the same trouble that ended the life of Horace Greeley.

—Providence has decided to change one thousand coal gas lights to those of gasoline. It is now used on Boston Common.

—Newburyport has just rid itself of a family of paupers which it has aided for twenty-one years, at a cost of $2000, said paupers belonging to the State.

—A six days' swimming match has been going on in London. What next?

—The Spanish exchequer is suffering a deficiency of eighty million francs, or sixteen million dollars.

—England is making up all her troubles in Afghanistan.

—Besides its real estate, the American Bible Union has a library valued at $30,000, which is about to be sold at private sale.

—The fire panic is prevalent in Russia. The Nihilists threaten to burn and destroy.

—Official reports are to be prepared in England on the subject of the corn and meat raising capabilities of the United States, Canada, Russia, India and Austria, in relation particularly to the probable food supply intended for the English market.

—The inadequate accommodations at Liverpool for cattle arriving from this country creates great delay and confusion.

—For four successive nights there was a severe frost all through Northern Vermont, and much damage was done to vegetation.

—The liquidators expect to receive sufficient funds, under the last call, to pay all debts of the Glasgow Bank.

—Mount Etna has been trying a vigorous eruption.

—The Freemans of Pocasset, who killed their little child, have been removed to the new jail at Barnstable.

—News comes from Calcutta of the sinking of an iron screw steamer, with the loss of seventy lives.

—The British campaign against the Zulus of South Africa is so far an unpropitious one, and promises to be long drawn out.

—The stockholders of the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad held their annual meeting in Monday last, at Plymouth, N. H. It was their thirty-fourth annual meeting.

—The United States Senate has been considering a bill relative to the transportation of animals.

—The Old Deerfield Academy building is in process of transformation into a memorial hall and a museum for the Indian and Colonial antiquities collected by the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association.

—Business men show more confidence in the future than they have in many years.

—New York and Brooklyn have been having some large and costly fires.

—The Brooklyn Seventh Regiment, with Captain Beecher, was enthusiastically received in Canada on the Queen's birthday.

—The weather of late has taken the back track, as if Old Prob thought he was pushing things too fast altogether.

—The gigantic strike of the coal miners in England, is threatened, stimulated by the issue of a reduction of ten per cent. in wages.

—Five of the bridges across the River Thames are free, leaving only three toll-bridges within the metropolitan area.

—The war among the railroads continues, and freight and passenger rates are both "cut" beyond recognition.

—Queen Victoria's birth-day was observed by the loyal Canadians, on Saturday last, with great enthusiasm. They felt proud, of course, to have a daughter of the Queen among them.

—Forest fires on Long Island have driven large numbers of birds across the Sound of Connecticut.

—Steps are taken for providing for the Poor Children's Excursions again this summer.

—The very large sales of Government flour put cents have, for the time, had a perceptible effect upon the money market.

—The General Assembly of Rhode Island has been in session at Newport this week, organizing the State Government for the coming year.

—A new bed of oysters has been discovered at Wareham.

—"Pinafore" has been raging like a fever up in Berkshire county, calling even the hay rigging into service again.

—Burnam has been in town the past week, in full feather.

—The bar of the United States Court in this city heard a report from a committee to frame an expression of its estimate of the life and service of the late Caleb Cushing, and adopted the report with resolutions.

—Anniversary week has brought numerous visitors to town, and the meetings have all been well attended.

—The Boston School Board has expressed itself as decidedly opposed to the taking of children out of the public schools for the purpose of assisting in theatrical performances.

—The funeral of the late William Lloyd Garrison took place from his former home at the Highlands, on Wednesday afternoon last.

—Trinity Church parish is to build a handsome rectory for Rev. Phillips Brooks, the rector, during the coming summer.

—Gen. Head, Governor elect of New Hampshire, is to be inaugurated next Thursday at Concord, with military display.

—The Chambers Street Church, in this city, has voted to unite with the Mount Vernon Street Church.

—The Canadians are emigrating in large numbers to the western province of Manitoba.

—Chinese Envoys now in Europe are negotiating with Spain for the importation of Chinese coolies.

—It is altogether unlikely that anything practical will come from the Isthmus Cana project in Paris.

—A fine portrait in oil of Prof. Morse, the discoverer of the art of telegraphing, painted by himself, while a pupil in London of Benjamin West, is in possession of Col. C. W. Pickering of New Hampshire.

—The spell of cold weather put a new feeling into everybody. It was not so agreeable to be taking of fruits just when June was blowing its warm breath over everything.

—The Portland Yacht Club held its annual regatta last week on Friday, ten yachts starting.

—Pictures have been selling at auction in large numbers, in the city, but they have brought the lowest figures.

—The list of fires is kept up without any abatement.

—There were heavy frosts in Northern New Hampshire last week.

—A slow horse can easily be made fast by tying him.

—A half million pearl is what Arabia—probably Arabia Felix—is bragging of.

—The hotels are everywhere beginning to throw out their inducements for summer travel, which is soon to revive.

—Mark Twain observes that the gravity of England soaks into the stranger.

—The Old South is to tear down her "tattered ensigns," and put on a fresh coat of paint.

WOMAN'S WISDOM.

"She insists that it is more importance, that her family shall be kept in full health, than that she should have all the fashionable dresses and styles of the times. She therefore sees to it, that each member of her family is supplied with enough Hop Bitters, at the first appearance of any symptoms of ill health, to prevent a fit of sickness with its attendant expense, care and anxiety. All women should exercise their wisdom in this way."

For Sale.

SHORT FACE WHITE ENGLISH PIGS. Imported from the Earl of Kilesmere and from Peter Cox, Esq. Descriptive circular sent on application to E. G. MARSTON, Superintendent, Milton, Mass.

New Advertisements.

HAYING TOOLS.

Farmers in want of the most desirable **HORSE RAKE, HAY TEDDER,** or **MOWING MACHINE** procurable will do well before they buy to examine the following, viz.: The new

CHALLENGE RAKE,

which is made on the best principle, of the best material, in the best finish, and is *the best-working self-operating rake ever put in the field.* We challenge any one to produce its equal. The new

DAISY RAKE,

which is really a "daisy" for a well-made, low-priced sulky rake, and surpasses all others of that description. The popular

GLEANER RAKE,

already well known and highly esteemed everywhere Also the

YANKEE RAKE,

the favorite with so many. The

COLLINS HAY-TEDDER,

admitted to be the lightest-draft and best-working tedder ever produced, its YIELDING, INDEPENDENT ARM giving it a great advantage over any other. As now perfected it is unequalled. The

CLIPPER MOWER,

which every one who wants the best make, the lightest-draft, the most durable and best-working machine always asks for, and is never disappointed in. A few

HAND HAY-RAKES

of the best quality.

ALL OF WHICH WE OFFER AT

PRICES SUITED TO THE TIMES.

Descriptive Circular furnished on application. Liberal discount to Dealers.

EVERETT & SMALL,

43 South Market Street, Boston.

AGENTS FOR MANUFACTURERS.

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TIGER

SELF-OPERATING

Sulky Hay Rake

Without a rival for *SIMPLICITY, STRENGTH* and *DURABILITY.* Has double the sale of any other Rake in the world.

Favorite Hand Dump Rake.

CENTRE DRAFT ONE HORSE MOWERS,

the only perfect one horse mower in the market.

HAY TEDDERS,

CHARTER OAK, SWIVEL AND LANDSIDE

PLOWS,

HORSE HOES, CULTIVATORS, HARROWS, FIELD AND GARDEN ROLLERS,

with a full stock of

FARMING TOOLS

AT LOW PRICES.

Higganum M'f'g Corp.,

38 SOUTH MARKET ST., BOSTON.

my31-2t

SOMETHING NEW

FOR THE POTATO BUG.

BOWKER'S FLOUR OF PLASTER. This is ground **finer than the finest flour,** being that portion which is blown into a setting room, where it takes 24 hours for it to settle This article will be found much **cheaper** and **better** than wheat flour or rye meal to mix with Paris green, as it stops more effectually to the vines, but is very beneficial as a fertilizer. The Paris green will also go further, one pound of green mixed with 50 pounds of plaster, being sufficient for 2 acres. Many claim that it is less dangerous to use the green in this way, as, when dissolved in water, the plant is more likery to absorb the poison. Moreover, the green is wasted, as the water runs off the vines, whereas, when applied with the Flour of Plaster, it adheres for a long while. This Flour of Plaster is also excellent for squash or other vines, and will be found a useful disinfectant and absorbent about stables, water closets and out houses. It will keep any length of time, and no family should be without it.

Price Per Bbl., 250 lbs., $2.00; Bag, 100 lbs., (no charge for bag) **$1.00.**

PURE PARIS GREEN in ½ lb., 1 lb, and 2 lb packages, 40 cents per lb, with printed directions how to apply.

BOWKER FERTILIZER CO.,

43 Chatham St., BOSTON.

my31 tf

PARIS GREEN SPRINKLERS,

For applying Paris Green when mixed with Flour, Lime or Plaster, $3 per dozen; 30 cts. each. By mail, 10 cents extra.

PURE PARIS GREEN

in bulk, or 1, 2, 3 and 5 lb. Boxes.

WADSWORTH BROS. & HOWLAND,

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IMPORTANT TO LADIES.

ENTIRELY NEW PROCESS. *Immediate relief* and *permanent cure* for what physicians often mistake for "Female Disease," "Inflammation of the Kidneys" or "Gravel," and not infrequently subject the poor patient to treatment for one or more of these diseases, when in reality all these symptoms may be found in "Prolapsus," or other derangements of the procreative organs. *No metal or rubber used.* Send **3c.** stamp for Circular. Drs. BERLIN & NICHOLS, Box 33, Farmington, Minn.

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BY MRS. L. W. CHAMPNEY and others. 16mo. **$1.00.** This large volume contains many diversions admirably adapted for Sunday School Concerts, Church Encampments, Summer Evening, and other gatherings; and will be found invaluable to those upon whom it devolves to prepare intellectual and religious entertainments.

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Mass. Agricultural College.

TUITION REDUCED to $30 a year. Entrance Examination at the Botanical Museum on Tuesday, June 24th, at 9 o'clock A. M., and also at the beginning of the next College year, Thursday, Aug. 28th. Catalogues, giving course of study, terms of admission, etc., may be had on application to Prof. H. H. GOODELL, Amherst, Mass.

my31-1t CHARLES L. FLINT, President.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

JOHNSON'S

NEW METHOD OF HARMONY,

BY A. N. JOHNSON. **($1.00.)** Just Published.

This new book is so simple and clear in its explanations, that any music teacher or amateur can get an excellent idea of the science, by simply reading it through. At the same time, a most thorough course is marked out for those who wish to be composers, including work for many months, without, or still with a teacher. *Thousands can now learn that have not hitherto been able to do so.*

THE GOSPEL OF JOY is received with by all who have examined it, and is, in itself, already a great success. Send for it. Use it in Conventions, Sabbath School Gatherings, and "Congresses," Camp, Praise and Prayer meetings. (35 cts.)

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These are called "Primers," but are really handsome and valuable books, containing so much information, so many illustrations, cuts, and exercises, as more properly to deserve the name of "Instruction Books."

They are part of the magnificent stock of NOVELLO, EWER & Co., London, (of whom Ditson & Co., are the exclusive American Agents) and indicate the great value of the Oratorios, Cantatas, Choruses, Sound and Separate, Glees, Anthems, &c., &c., which are always on hand. Every leader, teacher, and organist should have a catalogue, which will be sent free on application.

Any book mailed, post-free, for retail price.

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I MAKE a specialty of White Leghorn Fowls; no other breed bred on the place, and can offer EGGS FOR HATCHING from pure bred stock, at $1.50 per setting of 13, or two settings for $2.50; safely packed in baskets. Address

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WHEELER & MELICK CO.

Manufacturers, Albany, N. Y.

THE ONLY HORSE DUMP RAKE WITHOUT

SPRINGS, RATCHETS, OR COG WHEELS.

STRONG, SIMPLE, DURABLE.

EACH TOOTH IS INDEPENDENT,

Easily Handled by a Boy or Girl

Large Enough to Drive a Horse.

HIGHEST AWARD MEDAL of HONOR at the Centennial.

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MESSRS. BRECK: *Gentlemen,*—The Improved Ithaca Rake purchased of you this season gives the utmost satisfaction. It rakes clean, and is very easily worked. I consider it superior to any other Horse Rake in market. Yours respectfully,

EDWARD SUMNER.

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WM. ANSON WOOD MOWER AND REAPER CO.,

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THE ONLY MOWING MACHINE HAVING

Patent Chilled Iron Boxes,

Tubular Iron Frame, Adjustable Pitman,

Patent Pitman Protector,

Finger-Bar made of Cast Steel,

Is Perfectly Balanced,

Simple in Construction,

Most Durable and Lightest Draft.

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Yours truly, W. C. STRONG.

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JOSEPH BRECK & SONS',

51, 52 & 53 North Market St., Boston.

Where may be Found the Largest Stock of Haying Tools and Machinery in New England.

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THE NEW WARRIOR

POSSESSES all the points of superiority of the old Warrior with such improvements added as experience and experiment have proved desirable.

It is the *LIGHTEST DRAFT, EASIEST MANAGED, EASIEST RIDING, MOST DURABLE, MOST DESIRABLE, ENCLOSED GEARING, CLOSELY GUARDED, BEST TILTING DEVICE.* Can be operated by any team, slow, quick or light; can be started in the heaviest grass without backing up; can be operated on rough or smooth ground with ease; can mow the finest grass without clogging; and it can mow more acres without grinding the knives than any other machine.

Call and examine before buying, or send for Circular. For sale by

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LEVI BROWN'S

New Adjustable Harrow.

[Patented May 14, 1878.]

This Harrow is admitted by all to exceed all other Harrows in use by fully *fifty per cent.* as a pulverizing Harrow, cutting nine feet wide and marking the ground once in 21 inches.

RIGHTS IN NEW ENGLAND for sale by

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my24-13t

WALTER A. WOOD'S

NEW

Enclosed Gear Mower.

Very simple and strong. Warranted the lightest draft in the world. Be sure and see it before buying a Mower. ☞ Every machine gave perfect satisfaction last year.

WHITTEMORE'S CHAMPION AND OTHER

HORSE RAKES,

with patent tooth, that does not scratch up all the dirt. Truly a Rake worthy of the name. Also, the best **DRAG RAKE** in the market.

HAYING TOOLS

OF ALL KINDS,

AT LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

WHITTEMORE BROS.,

128 and 130 South Market Street.

my24-4t

HEART DISEASE

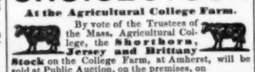
Can be cured by using DR. GRAVES' HEART REGULATOR.

Among the many forms of Heart Disease are Palpitation, Enlargement, Spasms of the Heart, Stoppage of the action of the Heart, Ossification or Bony Formation, Rheumatism, General Debility and Sinking of the Spirits. A lady says of the Heart Regulator: "It saved my life." Another person says: "It did for me what no physician could,—relieved me of all my heart troubles, and I am perfectly well." Pamphlet on Symptoms of Heart Disease free. Address F. E. INGALLS, Concord, N. H. Price 50c. and $1 per bottle.

For sale by Druggists. my31

SALE OF CHOICE STOCK

At the Agricultural College Farm.



By vote of the Trustees of the Mass. Agricultural College, the **Shorthorn, Jersey and Holstein Stock** on the College Farm, at Amherst, will be sold at Public Auction, on the premises, on

Thursday, the 12th of June, at 10 o'clock, P.M.

This Stock is all pure bred and consists of 10 Shorthorn Cows, 10 Calves and Heifers, and a Bull 5 years old, of the same breed; 4 Jerseys and 2 Brittanies.

Further information may be had on application to A. A. SOUTHWICK, Amherst, Mass., for a Stock Catalogue. CHARLES L. FLINT, *President.*

my 4-3t

English Bred Jersey Bulls.

Very choice and of noted Butter family, being from the *purest, choicest* and *oldest stocks* in England. These Bulls are all of *solid color,* with *black points,* and out of stock bred for more than a *third of a century* from *self-colored stock,* and therefore to be relied upon to transmit *solid color* and good *butter qualities.* I offer them *very low,* several Yearlings, and number each of 2, 3 and 4 year olds, and some Calves. A rare chance to improve your herds. English Jersey is marked out for those who wish to be composers, including work for many months, without, or still with a teacher. *Thousands can now learn that have not hitherto been able to do so.*

my24 2t* PETER LECLAIR, Winooski, Vt.

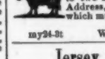
Auction Sale

Of 25 head of Cattle, including NEW MILCH and FARROW COWS, 3 BULLS, SWISS CALVES, etc., on THURSDAY, June 5d, 1879, at 9 o'clock, P. M., at the Farm of D. G. ALDRICH, Southbridge Street, Worcester, Mass.

N. B.—Send to the above address for Catalogue.

my24-2t C. W. CLAPP, Auctioneer.

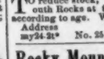
Wanted,



JERSEY HEIFER CALVES, five days to two months old, eligible for record. Address, giving pedigree, color and price, which must be reasonable,

my24-2t JOHN M. BAILEY, Wiening Farm, Billerica, Mass.

Jersey Bull for Sale.



One of the best bred Jersey Bulls; cash price, $75; or will exchange for other stock, of a good work horse. Apply to D. G. ALDRICH, Box 320, Worcester, Mass.

my24-tf

Plymouth Rocks.

TO reduce stock, will sell fifty of my best Plymouth Rocks at $1.25 each. Chicks 40 to 75 cts. according to age. Warranted A 1.

Address FRANK I. HOWE,

my24-2t* No. 25 Commercial St., Boston, Mass.

Rocky Mountain Fowls & Eggs

FOR SALE; also, *PLYMOUTH ROCK* and *DOMINIQUE,* by E. R. PERKINS, Salem, Mass.

Send stamp for circular. mh8-13t

New Advertisements.

BUCKEYE MOWER.

TWENTY-TWO HAYING SEASONS have demonstrated the BUCKEYE to be the

STANDARD MOWER OF AMERICA.

This reputation has been earned by years of service in the field.

The Buckeye has not only kept pace with improvements, but has been the first to make use of every valuable invention, and is to-day as much ahead of all competitors as it was twenty years ago.

The Buckeye of 1879 is the simplest in construction and contains fewer parts than any other machine. It is entirely free from all those complications which seriously impair the durability of others. Its machinery is so simple that an *ordinary* man may under stand it and keep it in order. It is of *lighter draft than any other machine;* runs with very little noise; will cut any grain that grows, and years of service have proved that it is stronger, more durable, and will stand more abuse with less injury than any other machine, and for rough land it has no equal. While other machines have intricate appliances for cutting different kinds of grain and getting over rough land, the Buckeye with its simplicity will do all that other machines can do, besides possessing features for doing what other machines cannot do.

Although we have always manufactured the Buckeye, we have only furnished it for Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island since 1877, and we will assure our patrons the machines made by us are thoroughly built. The Buckeye will be for sale by our agents, at prices as low as good work can be produced, and all machines warranted in every particular.

Richardson Manuf'ng Co.,

MANUFACTURERS,

WORCESTER, MASS.

my24-6t

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS!

DEATH TO

POTATO BUGS

PARIS GREEN MIXTURE,

SAFE TO USE,

EFFECTIVE IN ITS OPERATION.

—AT—

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

—BY—

JOSEPH BRECK & SONS,

51, 52 & 53 North Market St.,

my24 4t *BOSTON.*

Potato Catcher.

THIS invention has been in use two seasons and has given satisfaction in every case. Cleans the bugs from an acre of potatoes in from one to two hours, without injury to the plants, and has in every locality where used, taken the place of Paris Green

Warranted satisfactory or money refunded. Price **$1,25** by Express. AGENTS WANTED.

LITTLEFIELD & CHURCH,

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OUR IMPROVED PEST POISON

IS SAFE, sure and cheap destroyer of the

POTATO BUG,

Currant Worm, and all Insects that Prey on Vegetation. Warranted to Kill Five Bugs where Paris Green kills ONE, yet it is SAFER to use, and is not injurious to plants. Costs only 25c. to 50c. per acre. ½ lb box sent free by mail for 50c. Send for circular. POSTAGE STAMPS ACCEPTED. Discount to the trade. Kearney Chemical Works, J. R. DEY, Agent. P. O. Box 3139,—Office, 114 Nassau St., New York.

☞ J. R. DEY, Esq., Agt.—"In making my order to-day for 1878, I am pleased to be able to say that I used the Pest Poison last year on my Potato tops Currant and Gooseberry Bushes, and it did THEM ENTIRELY OF THE PEST, AND AT A LESS EXPENSE FOR MATERIAL AND LABOR THAN ANY PREPARATION I HAVE EVER USED, and I think my Currant and Gooseberry bushes would reach TWO MILES if in a single row. Yours, &c., E. WARE SYLVESTER, Proprietor of Lyons' Nurseries, Wayne Co., N. Y.—May 7th, 1878.

my24-1t

POTATO BUGS.

DEATH TO THEM. Do not be afraid to plant Potatoes this year. Send for receipt, price $1. New discovery. Kills instantly. Harmless to the stalk. Dissolve in watering pot; one hour ample time to apply to an acre. Address

my24-2t* A. ALONZO & CO., Boston.

APPLE GRATER.

This Grater is first-class in every respect; has iron cylinder, iron frame, steel knives, adjustable concaves, and is not surpassed for quantity or quality of work.

PRICE REDUCED TO $40.

For Catalogue of Cider machinery and other information valuable to Cider-makers, address

BOOMER & BOSCHERT PRESS CO.,

my3 **Syracuse, N. Y.** cow13t

FARM AND GARDEN SEEDS!

THE BEST OF EVERY VARIETY.

VEGETABLE,

For Market and Family Gardens.

FLOWER,

For Family Gardens and Florists' use

FIELD SEEDS,

in great variety and the most approved for profitable culture for

FODDER CROPS,

viz: Evergreen Sweet Corn, Indian Corn, Hungarian Millet, Common Millet, Golden Millet, and for

ROOT CROPS.

TURNIPS in all best sorts, **English Flat, Carter's Imperial, London Extra, Shamrock, Skirving's and White Swedes.**

MANGEL WURZEL, the choicest **Giant** and **Long Red. Improved Olive-shaped Red, Olive-shaped Yellow, Improved and White Silesian Sugar Beet,** &c., &c.

All carefully grown and selected expressly for the wants of Family and Market Gardeners, Florists, Farmers and Country Merchants. Catalogues and price list free.

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ap12-tf **BOSTON.**

SEEDS. We will send free by mail for 25c., one Packet each of the following seeds: Cabbage, Cucumber, Radish, Turnip, Onion and Parsnip. All of the best varieties and warranted new and reliable. Send stamp for circular. Address GREAT WESTERN SEED Co., No. 392 Twelfth St., Buffalo, N. Y. mh1-cow8t

SEED DRILL.

EVERY GARDENER should have the ARLINGTON SEED DRILL, made by SAMUEL C. BUCKMAN, of Arlington, Mass. Price Twenty dollars. ap26-tf

For Sale or Exchange.

We have several choice Farms for Sale or Exchange in the vicinity of Boston; those parties having Farms or any other kind of Real Estate, which they wish to dispose of, will do well to call at our office and investigate, as we charge no commis-ions for services, all business being done on the co-operative plan; all exorbitant Brokerage fees done away with. An investigation of our method will convince you that our plan for the sale of Farms is the true one, and the purchasers are finding this fact out, so we are having many applications from those wishing to purchase, who do not wish to go to the office of Farm Brokers, as they are aware of the fact that it costs them from one to five hundred dollars, by so doing. For more particulars, send two three cent stamps for a copy of the "*New England Farms and Business Advertiser,*" which has full explanations. Address the

New England Farmers' Co-operative Farm Agency,

No. 11 Cornhill, Boston.

JOHN K. ABBOTT & CO., Managers.

my24-6t

Country Farm for Sale.

SITUATED IN WESTBOROUGH, N. H.

Containing 80 acres of good land in a high state of cultivation; said Farm has Fruit of all kinds; two story brick House with L; large and commodious buildings, all newly painted and slated roofs, all in the best of repair; running water to all the buildings. Whoever is in want of a good situation, come and look the property over. No one would buy before looking it over, and now is the time of the year it will show for itself. Reason for selling, poor health.

Any inquiries answered by me.

my17-3t* DEXTER WARREN.

Farmers should use the Bay State, as it is applicable to any and all crops. Always uniform in quality and never fails to give good results. ap19-13t

Stallions.

"BLACK CLOUD,"

(Full Brother to Bonner's Lady Stout,)

BY

MAMBRINO PATCHEN,

(Full Brother to Lady Thorn,)

AND

"HERALD,"

BY

SMUGGLER,

Will make the season of 1879 at

HIGHLAWN STOCK FARM,

Foxboro', Mass.,

AT $40 EACH.

Mares not proving in foal can be returned the next season free of charge for service.

Ample facilities for Boarding or Pasturing Mares from a distance. Beyond careful attention, no responsibility is assumed.

For full description, tabulated pedigree, etc.,

Address **WM. T. COOK,**

ap13-13t Foxboro', Mass.

"MAMBRINO DUDLEY,"

By WOODFORD MAMBRINO, record 2.21½, and sire of ABBOTSFORD, 2.21½; MAGENTA, 2.24½; CONVOY, 2.28; LADY MCFATRIDGE, 2.29; GEO. A. AYERS, 2.30; DACIA, 2.31½.

1st dam, SUE DUDLEY, by EDWIN FORREST, grandsire of Bonner's EDWIN FORREST, 2.19½.

2d dam, MADAME DUDLEY, (dam of DUDLEY, four years old record, 2.22,) by a Bashaw Horse.

3d dam by MAY DAY.

Received first premiums at Brockton and Weymouth Fairs, and second at New England Fair; is level-headed and pure gaited.

He will be allowed to serve a limited number of mares at

$35.00, Payable in Advance,

during the season of 1879. Accidents and escapes owners' risk.

Season commences April 1st and ends July 1st, 1879.

For further particulars and photograph, address

JOHN R. GRAHAM,

Edgo Hill Farm.

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HORSES AND CATTLE.

HORSE TONIC AND CATTLE TONIC

Ward off Diseases, Keep Animals Healthful, in Good Condition, Give Aptitude for Work, Fatten Stock and Promote Flow of Milk of Good Quality.

THEY WILL CURE HIDE-BOUND, GLANDERS, WORMS, WANT OF APPETITE, IMPURE STATE OF BLOOD, &C.

Golden Essence

CURES ALL WOUNDS AND BRUISES.

These Preparations have never failed when used in accordance with Directions. It is not claimed that the use of the Tonics will cure every form of disease, but their use in keeping animals in good condition will tend to ward off disease, and, in case of sickness, will greatly promote recovery.

☞ Horses and Cattle kept in Healthful Condition for three cents a week, each animal.

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FOR LAME HORSES.

Patent Eureka Frog Spring.

The most complete and successful invention for the relief and cure of lameness in Horses yet discovered. Introduced in New York and the Western States, where it has received the unqualified approval of all prominent horsemen. A trial will convince the most skeptical of its merits; proving a complete relief to animals suffering and crippled with tender feet. Sent per Set, sent by mail, price **$5** cents. Shop Rights and Territory for sale. KELLOGG & CO., No. 62 Kilby Street, Boston. my17-4t

GATES' GARGET CURE.

For the Cure and Prevention of Garget in Cattle.

Teats Partially Destroyed, Restored to their Natural Condition. Kernels in Teats or Udder Removed Speedily and Surely. All Stringy Substances or bunches in Bag removed by from 1 to 2 bottles. Blood or Sediment in Milk, from 1 dose to 1 bottle.

SOLD BY

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17 Harvard St.,

WORCESTER, MASS.

If your medicine dealers do not keep the Garget Cure, send to the proprietor, at Worcester, for it.

feb8-tf

60 Cards—29 Chromo, 10 Motto, 30 Ocean Shells for Sea Sake, &c. Name on, 10c. Clinton Bros. Clintonville, Ct. sep14

JOHN BINNEY & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

STREET LANTERNS

FOR

Gas, Kerosene, Naptha, etc.

PATENT SIGN LANTERNS For Street Cornerss, Railroad Stations, Hotels, &c. with

Colored Glass Signs for Ships' Starboard, Port and Signal Lanterns.

349 & 344 Atlantic Avenue,

(Opposite Junction of Broad, High and Purchase Sts.)

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1842. 1879.

OUR PRICES Defy Competition!

We are offering a Solid Black Walnut Chamber Set of Ten Pieces, with Marble Tops, for $40!

To our commodious warerooms we have added

A SHOW ROOM SECOND TO NONE

in Boston, and are prepared to offer **Special Inducements** from the splendid stock of

Black Walnut, Mahogany, Ash and Ebonized Chamber Sets,

and other

Low Priced Durable Furniture

Manufactured by us during the past Winter.

☞ ALL GOODS GUARANTEED IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

F. M. HOLMES FURNITURE CO.,

my24-4t **107 Washington St., Boston.**

FLOUR

ap12-13t

Cast Steel HOES, FORKS and RAKES, Ames' SHOVELS and SPADES.

WALDO BROS., 57 Kilby Street, Boston.

ap19-13t

THE WILSON PATENT ADJUSTABLE CHAIR,

With Thirty Changes of Position.

Parlor, Library, Invalid Chair, Child's Crib, Bed or Lounge, combining beauty, lightness, strength, simplicity and comfort.—Everything to an exact Science. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Goods shipped to anywhere C. O. D. Send for Illustrated Circular.

Address the WILSON ADJUSTABLE CHAIR MF'G CO., 535 Washington St., Boston.

[Quote Mass. Ploughman.] ap26-13t

60 Chromo, Perfumed, Snowflake, & Lace Cards, name on all 10c. Game Authors, 15c. LYMAN & Co., Clintonville, Ct.

GRAPE VINES,

Also Trees, Small Fruits, etc. Wholesale rates very low to Nurserymen, Dealers, and large Planters. Send stamp for Descriptive List. Price List FREE.

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

aug16-cow20t*

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. my17*

THOUSANDS

OF

WOMEN

Have been entirely cured of the most stubborn cases of Female Weakness by the use of

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S

VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Whereas, before taking it, they had no joy in living; no appetite, no particle of strength, no ability to perform any of the duties of life, or to enjoy its pleasures.

Many of such women have shown true gratitude by recommending the Compound to others who have been similarly benefitted, and who have become missionaries in the cause.

A lady writing from Springfield, VT., says: "I was very low with Female Weakness; had almost given up being any better. Your Vegetable Compound has cured me. There are many ladies here suffering for the want of such a God-send as the Vegetable Compound, and I think I could sell large quantities of it. Please send me one dozen."

A lady from Newton Upper Falls, writes: "After I took the first dose of your Vegetable Compound I felt a change. I am on my third bottle, and if it helps every one as it has helped me, you ought to be rewarded for it. Before I commenced to take it I had doctored for several years. I could not walk but a short distance at a time, and my head and back ached all the time. Now I enjoy doing my work. I can walk a long distance and not mind it at all, and I have not had any of that discharge."

A lady writing from Elmira, N. Y., says: "I have a friend who has been considered incurable for many years. She has taken one bottle of your Vegetable Compound, and it has done her more good than the medicine of many doctors for years. Please send me one-half dozen."

A lady from Swampscott, writes: "Your medicine is doing me good. Some pleasant day I will call upon you and express my thanks."

A Portland lady writes as follows: "My sister says that she is entirely cured of female difficulties; is as free from those troubles as when a child. She has taken seven bottles of the Compound."

A lady writing from Lowell, says: "Having suffered for ten or twelve years, I am glad to find a charm, and such your Compound is to me. Before taking it I sometimes felt that it was almost hard to live, but I don't want to die now. Better health. Better courage. When I commenced taking your medicine there was much inflammation at times, amounting to ulceration internally and abscesses outwardly, and such brain aches I can't describe. Have taken only four bottles, and there is very little inflammation, and my head is much better, though I am obliged to work hard all the time."

A lady physician of Winchester, Ind.,

The Poet's Corner.

THANKSGIVING ALL THE YEAR.

BY CARLE DUNN.

Once a year there comes a day
In the chill November weather
When from near and far away
Loving kindred meet together.

Round the old hearthstone they meet,
Young and old, in union tender,
To renew their greetings sweet
And their mutual love to render.

Thanks are given that once again
They whom distance separated,
With their hearts all free from pain,
Gather there with hearts elated.

Yet through all the changing year
We for giving thanks have reason
For the blessings that appear—
That we find in every season;

Thanks for shelter from the storm,
Thanks because no ills confound us,
Thanks for hearts that e'er are warm,
Thanks for loving friends around us;

Thanks for health that day by day
With fresh pleasure comes attended,
Thanks for sorrow passed away,
Thanks for troubles that are ended.

So, for blessings we receive,
Making our lives worth the living,
Every day of joy we live
Should to us be a thanksgiving.
—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Ladies' Department.

OUT OF HIS SPHERE.

BY FLORENCE AVENAL.

[Godey's Lady's Book for June.]

CHAPTER I.

GREVILLE HOLMES.

There is no reason why a man may not be fashionable and yet be a man, but a mere man of fashion is a pitiable thing. This thought vaguely shaped itself in the brain of Greville Holmes, as, lounging upon his sofa of Oriental stuff—a *trouvaille* from Constantinople—he contemplated the vacant countenance of one of his acquaintances, Dexter Petrie, who was inflicting upon him at the moment some of his "views" as to men and things.

"Never could marry her, you know," opined Mr. Petrie, sucking the top of his cane, which had a pug-dog's head upon it. "Knew her before pop got so rich, and was 'gone,' you know, 'gone!' But now, idle and useless to dream of such a thing! Pop wouldn't hear of it, and it couldn't be done."

"But you made love to her, you say, and she naturally expects you to marry her," replied Greville Holmes.

"Can't help that, you know; can't help what a girl expects." Here Mr. Petrie laughed an utterly vacant laugh.

The subject of his conversation had been for the last half hour a young and pretty girl, Maude Whiteigh by name, to whom, in the days before sudden wealth had resulted from old Daniel Petrie's speculations in stock, the son had been engaged to be married.

But was it for a moment to be supposed that the possessor of a bank account of his own, diamond studs of his own, a horse of his own, a *coupe* of his own, and the most profuse wardrobe of any young man in town, be he who he might, would seriously contemplate honoring a matrimonial engagement with the daughter of a man who kept a little trimming store in that obscure village where old Petrie had resided ere yet he had entered into city life and learnt the mysteries of successful stock speculation.

"A man of honor," remarked Greville Holmes, "would consider his word a bond. The girl is pretty; you say that she is refined. Do you consider that the mere difference of wealth is an insurmountable obstacle between you?"

"Pop does," sullenly replied Dexter Petrie, again resorting to what appeared the consoling sucking of his cane. "And," added he, "that settles it." Then, as if to avoid further discussion, he rose, said "ta-ta"—by which he meant "good-day" to Holmes; and with the same vacant smile upon his lips, and with the same languid gait that he had adopted since he had become a man of fashion, he took himself off and away.

My story does not propose to deal with Dexter Petrie nor Maude Whiteigh. Pretty Maude found an excellent husband at a later day, and that the inane dandy would never have made. She married Joshua Phelps, a well-to-do farmer, and Petrie found an heiress as vacant in mind as himself. But what of Greville Holmes.

Greville Holmes had received from heaven and nature an exceptionally attractive exterior, a graceful manner, a good intellect, and excellent health and spirits. He had, besides, what proved to be his misfortune, wealthy parents and what is called a "social position."

If, in his sphere, it had been his good fortune to meet with a woman possessed of the order of mind which, like steel and stone, gives fire and life by contact with one another mind, that dormant intellect, that sleeping energy of which he, up to twenty-six years of age, had remained almost unconscious, might have flashed forth and brought Greville Holmes into a higher and nobler existence. It was not his good fortune to find such a woman in the ultra-fashionable world in which he moved, and it was his ill-fate to ignore the opportunity held out to him when, by chance, "out of his sphere," he met Ethel Romeyn.

It was no higher or more "select" locality than a glove store that he encountered her, and behind the counter as a saleswoman, not before it as a purchaser.

The extraordinary beauty and remarkable distinction of the young girl's appearance struck him at once. Yet neither Ethel Romeyn's face nor air would have appealed to any but a refined taste. Her features were nobly regular and straight, inclining somewhat to the aquiline type. The unusually character of her profile was increased by a remarkable pallor, due to the confinement of the life she led. Her copious hair was of a light brown color, and had a rich, natural wave. Large eyes of a steel-blue, shaded by lashes almost black, beneath delicate and dark eyebrows, gave expression to a countenance rather still than mobile. Add to this a stately figure, symmetrical if slender, and hands of remarkable beauty of form, and you will see why, to this fastidious man of the world, Ethel Romeyn appeared to be the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. "She has the look *of blood*," he said to himself, "and that is of all things the rarest. Take her out of this glove shop, and she would grace a court."

It took a brisk walk to quiet the tumultuous emotions in Greville's breast which the simple fitting on of a pair of *gris de perle* gloves by those beautiful, taper-fingered hands had aroused. Yet Ethel had acquitted herself of the perhaps unpleasant duty with the quiet dignity which repels any attempt at familiarity. Again and again did Greville require gloves and have them fitted, and, for all the progress that he made towards acquaintance with the fair object of what was really a genuine passion on his part, he might as well have remained outside of the "fashionable" glove store.

What Ethel Romeyn felt and thought was not apparent in her well-controlled features. That the dark hazel eye, the fine face, the nobly poised figure of her so constant customer should dwell in the young girl's mind—for, though I call her woman, Ethel had just entered her nineteenth year—was but natural. She had instantly recognized a difference between Greville and the general run of customers who entered the store at all hours. But the lonely orphan girl had already been made but too painfully aware of the disadvantages of her position, inasmuch as she was beautiful, and bore herself accordingly.

One evening, when on her way home to her humble lodgings, she was followed by a young man of about the same intellectual calibre as the Dexter Petries of this wicked world, she was surprised to find the dastard who had insulted her sprawling at full length at her feet, and Greville Holmes offering his arm. It followed that she learned that for weeks past Greville had seen fit to follow her as a rear-guard, protecting her from insult by his presence—ignored by her—and that he well knew where she lived and with whom.

If a burst of tears and a grateful acceptance of the proffered escort followed upon the terror inspired by the affront offered by her cowardly persecutor, who will blame the defenceless girl for her tears or for her gratitude.

Acquaintance ripened. Greville Holmes took measures to become known to the highly respectable widow lady with whom Ethel had been so fortunate as to find a home—and at a reasonable price—and, convinced not only of his unobjectionable standing, but of the honorable nature of any motives he might have in visiting her, both Mrs. Grey and Ethel, reluctant though they were to take such a step, permitted, after a time, the young gentleman's frequent visits.

Greville Holmes had a weak and irresolute mind. Love, the only true feeling he was ever to know towards any of her sex, impelled him to ask Ethel Romeyn to become his wife. The fear of the anger of his father, the cold sneers of his mother, the laughter of his fashionable associates, called him another way and made him fear to take a step by which Ethel, being the very superior girl she was, would have secured his happiness.

It is needless to dwell upon the gradual winning of a heart by no means heedlessly or willingly made his; but Greville won that of Ethel Romeyn. No man of poor intellect, no man without refinement could have done this, and not for a moment did the thought of social advantages to accrue to her from the wealth of her suitor enter the heart that loved him. Fortunate beyond the majority of men, Greville Holmes was loved for *himself*.

It is naturally to be supposed that the movements of their son could not long remain unknown to Mrs. Holmes, his mother, nor to the banker, his father. It was in the very summer of his passion's bloom and of Ethel's fervent love, that the father desired an interview with his son, and only child, and during that interview gave him his choice,—an allowance that would just keep him, *with work* and Ethel Holmes; or a will that would give him a large portion of his father's fortune and a marriage with some young lady not "out of his own sphere." Such was the fiat.

"There is no reason why," said the banker, "my money should go to enrich a girl who has never known its possession. The parents of Ethel Romeyn were poor, though highly respectable. I have made every inquiry, and know all that there is to know about these people. If you prefer to marry her, I will allow you what will keep the wolf from the door, you working to increase it. Your mother refuses even to visit her, and I presume that your friends will cut her if they meet her with you."

It was after this conversation that the following one took place between Ethel and Greville:

"My father is inflexible," said Greville, after reporting the above interview, and, it must be said, word for word.

"So then am I," replied the young girl, raising her noble head, which had drooped while she listened. "I will neither consent to force you to live on a small allowance, nor that you should work *for me*; nor will I shut you out from your parents' visits, and intercourse with them and your friends. I will not speak of the cruel injustice of all your visits and attentions to me, nor your silence as to your parents' views and feelings. I will not add a word except this, that from to-day all intercourse ceases between you and me."

Thus speaking, Ethel Romeyn left the room, where they stood, and Greville remained alone.

CHAPTER II.

SIDNEY ROTHSALL.

It was three years later that an elegant entertainment took place at the house of a noted American lady, resident in Rome. It was there, strange to say, that we again find Ethel.

The sister of Mr. Romeyn, Helen, had married an artist named Jerningham, who became noted in the course of time, but unfortunately contracted Roman fever and in the height of his popularity died, leaving a handsome fortune to his widow. The greater part of his money lay in real estate in the city where Ethel lived, and it was the merest accident that brought Mrs. Jerningham into the store where her niece acted as saleswoman. Ethel had changed since the breaking off of her engagement with Greville Holmes, whom his parents had sent abroad; but, struck by her beauty and refinement, the lonely widow obeyed the inspiration which whispered to her to offer Ethel a home, and to make her with her as an adopted daughter. Thus was Ethel enabled to carry on the studies she had never neglected, and in three years had so progressed that a book of poems bearing her name was the "sensation" in literary circles, at the time when we again find her in Rome and in "society."

The public fancy is whimsical. Many volumes appeared that season, issued by various publishers in America, and died out almost unnoticed. Ethel's poems, peculiar, original and unbackneyed in theme, were a success, and—this is seldom the case with poetry—they brought money both to the writer and publisher. Ethel, to her utter astonishment, found herself the possessor of quite a "neat" number of thousands.

On the eventful evening to which I allude, there was presented to the young poetess, among other celebrities, an individual of apparently thirty years—a grave, refined, pale-faced man, remarkable rather for the look of culture, which was strikingly apparent, than for what could be called good looks. This gentleman was a sculptor named Rothsall. His statue of "Psyche unveiling the face of Cupid," had excited the critics of London, who were becoming personal and even venomous on the subject. Rothsall had chosen to treat his subject with originality, and met with an outcry which, however, finally gave way to the general preponderance of press-approval and the encouragement of private individuals, who declared Sidney Rothsall to possess genius.

It might truly be said that after her sad experience, all men were alike to Ethel Romeyn. She cared for none, and had thrown herself into the pursuit of literary fame as a life-work, determining never to marry, never to leave her kind and appreciative aunt.

When, at his request, Sidney Rothsall was presented to the singularly quiet but strikingly distinguished-looking girl, it cannot be said that her interest was straightway aroused. But there followed an acquaintance in which the wonders of the sculptor's intellectual resources revealed themselves. Then he and Ethel met upon the same plane.

It was during the summer that followed, that Rothsall undertook and completed the reclining statue of the daughter of a Roman nobleman of immense fortune. The young girl had died of consumption, and it was chiefly from busts, paintings and drawings representing the lovely young Contessa Montoriani, that Rothsall derived his idea of what she had been ere disease laid its fell hand upon one of "heaven's fairest children." But a startlingly perfect likeness resulted, and all Rome talked of it. The delighted Conte Montoriani gave the sculptor a princely price. Orders poured in for busts and statuettes, and when, impelled by a love as sincere as it was irresistible, the sculptor offered the fair poetess his hand, it was not empty of the wherewithal to make a happy home.

Had Ethel forgotten Greville Holmes? No. But she had learned to compare the courageous intellectual workers who believe that *life means something*, and that this something is not idleness, with the drones in the hive of human existence, who cannot be brought to believe that it means anything but dreams of luxurious ease.

In the fall Ethel Romeyn was married to Sidney Rothsall, a choice never repented. I will now return to Greville Holmes.

What of him? How had it fared with him after the rupture with Ethel Romeyn? Alas, but badly.

Thrown back upon himself, the young man had sought in the "fresh fields and pastures new" of foreign life that forgetfulness which he had flattered himself that he would ultimately find. He had not found it. The fruit had turned to husks and bitterness.

Often indeed had he said to himself how interesting would have been his travels with Ethel by his side. As it was, he learned by her very absence to appreciate what, intellectually, morally and spiritually, she had been to him, and he resolved again to seek for intelligence of her whereabouts at least.

It was just at this point of time that the news of the banker's death reached his son, at that time in Vienna. He hastened home. On settling up the affairs of Mr. Holmes, senior, it was found that he had left far less property than would have been previously supposed. Indeed, when out of what was left of a princely fortune, the widow should received her share, Greville's portion, though an independence, was a small one. What had become of all the money? Had Mr. Holmes speculated or what had he done? The answer recalls the sapient remark of that distinguished nobleman, Lord Dundreary: "There are some things that a fellow never *can* know, you know!"

Gathering up the remnants as best he might, Greville Holmes, who had now learned that Ethel, adopted by her aunt, Mrs. Jerningham, was making her home in Rome, started for the eternal city.

It was at the house of Conte Montoriani that he again met Ethel. Without waiting for an introduction, and all eagerly, he darted forward, seized her hand, and, confident that those about him would hardly comprehend the words he spoke in English, poured out the story of his long suffering, his father's death, his present independent position, winding all this up to a conclusion by the offer of his hand.

As it was the first pause he had made, it was then only that Ethel was enabled to obtain hearing of the words: "I am married, and to Sidney Rothsall, the sculptor."

There was no mistaking the beaming look of pardonable pride with which, a few moments later, Ethel introduced to her former suitor, her husband.

If Sidney Rothsall marked the pallor of the heart-stricken young man, it was but to conclude in his own mind that the individual before him had loved Ethel in America, and been surprised to find her married in Rome. It seemed to the sculptor perfectly natural that everybody should have been in love with his wife, nor did he ever think of the scene of that evening again, unless to congratulate himself upon having won the prize which Greville Holmes had failed to secure in spite of his wealth and position.

Later on, meeting in London a fashionable girl with whom he had been wont to flirt and dance in former times, and seeing that she felt a preference for him, Greville Holmes offered himself, was accepted and married within the year. That Myra Hartley was an heiress was not, perhaps, without a certain influence upon this result.

And so, while Ethel and Sidney Rothsall work, and live out the meanings and purposes of life, Greville Holmes and his wealthy wife get through with living rather than live. They have money, they have position; they quarrel, for Myra will never, so her husband believes and tells her, "be anything but a flirt;" while he haunts all the stylish clubs, keeps trotting horses, and, it is rumored, "knows one card from another when he sees a pack." Two sickly, peevish children help to make home disagreeable, for Mrs. Greville Holmes has no love for home duties, nor power of home government, and, as she plaintively remarks, "late hours have broken her health all to pieces."

I will wind up my story by relating a little scene which took place when all my "characters" met in Paris. Rothsall's last statue was the talk of the town, and the sculptor a lion. Ethel's last book had been greeted rapturously in London, so that she was also one of the "observed." Enter upon the scene Mrs. Greville Holmes and her husband. The lady had on her "talking cap," and indulged in a lot of "fashionable twaddle." It happened that the hostess, an English lady of great culture heard her, and unaware that Mr. Holmes was within earshot, remarked to Lady D——, a woman of letters, who sat beside her:

"How unfortunate that that empty-headed woman should be here to-night, just when I wanted to have Mrs. Sidney Rothsall and her husband get a good impression of those who come here!"

Still, Greville Holmes had *not* married "out of his sphere!"

GOING TO A CHOWDER PARTY.

A DROWNED MAN'S STORY.

[New York Sunday Times.]

When a man has received sentence of death, I believe that he is thereafter a dead man, in the eye of the law, whether he be executed or not. The lucky individual thus wipes off all his debts but one, which he is not permitted to discharge—gets rid, may be, of a troublesome wife, and leaves his children nominally fatherless. But how is it with a man who has been drowned—positively defunct—and who, but for the solicitude and desperate exertions of his friends, would have been at this moment in a "dreamless sleep" in Greenwood Cemetery? I contend that I should enjoy all the privileges of a dead man. I had no more to do with my present existence than when first I was "sent into this breathing world." I was rolled and rubbed and salted into life—literally salted down for preservation. It was two to one that I never revived; but I came to—so, as a waggish friend remarked, the chances were even that, having been drowned, I must have been born to that fate, and therefore should escape hanging. This was some small consolation, certainly, amidst the manifold miseries of the life to which I was brought back; and another is, that, having in a measure been "born again"—born of "water and the spirit," for I swallowed large quantities of both—I had a chance of enjoying a happy hereafter. With this hope I try to bear my fate philosophically, and have even paid the expenses of the process by which I "languished into life."

The adventure I am about to relate may not be uninteresting to other—to me it is a marvellous reminiscence:

It was arranged by a party of us, last summer, that we should hire a sail-boat, and go up the Sound to enjoy a chowder party, and have a good time generally. We were to take with us all the necessary materials, catch our own fish, and then cook 'em and eat 'em.

It was a bright, beautiful morning in the month of July, when the party, consisting of nine or ten persons, embarked in the "Johnny Kenny" for the intended trip. The boat was something between a yacht and a small fishing smack; and her somewhat limited proportions, I confess, did not impress me favorably, inasmuch as the party was large, and some of them, particularly the ex-alderman's brother, were large-sized individuals. However, my motto always is "Who's afraid?" and with some slight misgivings I stepped on board, and we proceeded, with a nice, gentle breeze, through Hell Gate, and away down towards Oyster Bay. All went very pleasantly. There was a slight ripple upon the bosom of the water, and "Johnny" glided through it very gracefully, and promptly obeyed the will of the steersman. Whether it were the saline propensities of the sound, or the heat of the sun, I know not, but the party soon began to complain of thirst, and there appeared to be an extraordinary curiosity with regard to the contents of the small hamper. Well, its depths were soon explored, and certainly there was no fear of our dying either from hunger or thirst. "Old Bourbon" was a popular drink, and the ex-alderman's brother was not backward in showing us a good example. "If it is an enemy, 'who's afraid?'" he would say, adopting my motto; and then he would courageously put it into his mouth, and with the same *nonchalance*, too, with which Van Amburgh places his head in the mouth of the lion. I need not say that his example was universally followed; and in fact there seemed to be quite a spirit of emulation created, so far at least as swallowing the contents of the demijohn were concerned.

The hours passed away very pleasantly. What with chatting, smoking, "smiling," and smiling, and now and then taking a "bite"—these were the only "bites" we had, by the way, for somehow we overlooked the particular object of the trip—we had an "immense" time, and at length some one suggested that it might be advisable to "tack ship" and steer towards the city. As there were indications of the wind's rising as the sun went down, the suggestion was acted upon, and "about" we went. The wind, however, did not wait for the sun to disappear, but came down upon us in regular Young Boreas style, creating a nasty chopping sea, which sent the boat dancing, to the threatened disorganization of our internal arrangements, entirely destroying our appetites, and rendering necessary frequent applications to the brandy bottle.

The steersman, who had been hired with the boat, was the only one unaffected; and fortunate for us that it was so, for the increased gale required all the attention he could give to the proper management of the boat. I say "proper management;" but it seemed to me that he was not exactly *au fait* to nautical matters, and that his knowledge of seamanship was somewhat limited. We, however, got along pretty well until we were nearly opposite Throgg's Neck, when it was proposed to run in there. "All right!" said the steersman. "Look out for your heads, gentlemen, I am going to jibe her!" Now, jibes or jeers were all the same to us, for not a soul on board knew what it meant; but we took care of our heads nevertheless, and suddenly the boom dashed with great force from one side to the other, and in a moment over went the boat, and over went I, and down, down, down, until I thought I should never stop! How deep I sank I know not, but after awhile I found myself ascending, and on approaching the surface, I remember seeing the ex-alderman's brother sitting astride of the bottom of the boat, with a bottle in his hand, like a jolly old Bacchus astride of a puncheon.

I recollect beating the water frantically with my arms, for I couldn't swim. I tried to recollect all that I had heard about treading water, and moving your legs as though you were walking—of throwing yourself upon your back and having no fear—all very well and very easy of accomplishment, no doubt, except the fear; but the lack of that being absolutely necessary to the success of those life-saving measures, my efforts entirely failed. Besides, I have a peculiar propensity for carrying about me a large sum of money—almost invariably in gold, too—and on this occasion I was encumbered with the weight of several hundred dollars, which interfered with the natural buoyancy of the human body, and added to my downward tendency. I succeeded, however, with great difficulty, in divesting myself of a portion of the money, for it was valueless then in comparison with life, and I must have come up a second time, as I was subsequently found entangled among the ropes under the boat. I recollect nothing, however, but a fearful rushing noise in my ears; and when this ceased, the most delightful emotions succeeded. They were just such sensations as I once experienced after swallowing an opium pill. The loveliest scenes that the brightest imagination of an artist ever conceived passed before me. There were trees whose verdure glowed in rays of imaginable glory—flowers of gorgeous hues, such as earth never saw. There were mountains and valleys, whose velvet slopes of the brightest emerald were dotted with buttercups of shining amber, and daisies that sparkled like diamonds. Birds flitted to and fro, with plumage of the richest colors, and filled the air with musical warblings so delicious, that my spirit seemed "lapsed in elysium." Then methought I heard a distant sound of human voices, blending in ravishing harmony; and one, sweeter than the rest, sang in a gentle tone that fell like a breath upon the ear—

Hark! they whisper, angels say,
Sister spirit come away.

After this all was a blank; and the next sensation was one of exquisite pain that extended to every portion of my system, as though the current of life had become stagnant, and was being violently forced onward. There were sharp pains in every joint, and the surface of my body seemed to be punctured by myriads of needles, which entered every pore of the skin. But the agony I suffered about the region of the heart was intense, excruciating, indescribable. When these sensations had partly passed over, I first awoke to consciousness, and, opening my eyes, recollect experiencing a longing desire for a hearty draught of porter, but was unable to ask for it. I heard a rumbling noise, and felt a jarring motion; but it was several minutes before I realized my true situation, and could tell whether I was in this world or another. I then discovered that I was in a railroad car; that I was entirely naked and packed in a large quantity of salt; and that my mouth was filled with a large lump of it—as they stick a lemon in the mouth of a sucking-pig after its untimely decease. My body was terribly sore, and my limbs so stiff that it was with difficulty I could move them. Some persons were standing around me, but in the dim light I could not recognize them; and, indeed, could I have done so, I was too weak and faint to recall them any intelligence of it. I was perfectly sensible, however, and vividly recalled the fearful adventure I had passed through. On reaching New York, I was placed in a carriage and conveyed to my residence, and for some time lay on my bed "like seaweed on a clam," and for several days expectorated nothing but brine. Indeed, what with the salt subsequently applied outwardly and inwardly, I must have been something in the condition of Lot's wife.

Everybody said that I had had a narrow escape, which I readily believed, and the particulars were afterwards recounted to me. It seems that all the other parties clung to the boat, or to the mast and sail, and were rescued by some persons from the shore; and, when all hands were mustered, I was found to be missing. They say that quite fifteen minutes had elapsed from the time of the accident, and my fate was supposed to be sealed. At the moment, however, when they were about leaving the scene, some one chanced to see my straw hat floating by the side of the boat, and knew it at once, and recollected also that it was fastened with a ribbon to a button-hole of my coat. An expert swimmer thereupon bravely plunged in, and, diving under the boat, found me attached by a portion of my dress to the rigging. I was conveyed to the shore, apparently perfectly lifeless, and not one of the party entertained for a moment the slightest hope of resuscitating me.

On reaching the land, however, they met a Swedish sailor, who professed to know all about such cases; and, as desperate ones require desperate means, he advised rolling me on a barrel. Somebody else thought that bleeding would be preferable; but the sailor fortunately scouted the idea, and he was permitted to follow his own course, as I had reason to know from the abrasures of the skin, and a wound in the pit of my stomach, the effect of which I feel to this day. Whatever else they did to me, I must say, for their credit, that all their efforts were only partially successful, and I was given up as a gone case, and placed in a car, packed in salt, before a large fire which they kindled in the stove. Most unaccountably I revived. It may have been the jolting of the car, or the horrible heat to which I was exposed; for, can any one imagine a place more like Pandemonium, according to the general idea of that locality, than a railroad car heated by a large fire in the month of July! I have no doubt that my naturally "pure spirit" revolted at the idea, and preferred the tenement of clay to an uncertain change. Be that as it may, I survived fire and water, rolling on a barrel, and the other innumerable torments to which a drowned man is exposed, escaping without broken bones, and am still a man of this (mundane) world, instead of a spirit of the other. I still maintain, however, that I have a right to claim the privileges of a dead man, and to repudiate all obligations which attached to my former existence.—*Selected.*

WHAT SHALL OUR FUTURE BE?

[N. Y. Sunday Times and Messenger.]

What shall our future be, Oh best beloved,
Oh! kindest truest heart in all the earth?
To thee my soul's deep warm and pure devotion,
Turns evermore to idolize thy worth.
Shall we two love, in one sweet hope abiding,
And away down towards Oyster Bay.
All went very pleasantly. There was a slight
ripple upon the bosom of the water, and
"Johnny" glided through it very gracefully,
and promptly obeyed the will of the steers-
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ular Young Boreas style, creating a nasty
chopping sea, which sent the boat dancing,
to the threatened disorganization of our in-
ternal arrangements, entirely destroying our
appetites, and rendering necessary frequent
applications to the brandy bottle.

The steersman, who had been hired with
the boat, was the only one unaffected; and
fortunate for us that it was so, for the in-
creased gale required all the attention he
could give to the proper management of the
boat. I say "proper management;" but it
seemed to me that he was not exactly *au
fait* to nautical matters, and that his knowl-
edge of seamanship was somewhat limited.
We, however, got along pretty well until we
were nearly opposite Throgg's Neck, when
it was proposed to run in there. "All
right!" said the steersman. "Look out for
your heads, gentlemen, I am going to jibe
her!" Now, jibes or jeers were all the same
to us, for not a soul on board knew what it
meant; but we took care of our heads nev-
ertheless, and suddenly the boom dashed
with great force from one side to the other,
and in a moment over went the boat, and
over went I, and down, down, down, until I
thought I should never stop! How deep I
sank I know not, but after awhile I found
myself ascending, and on approaching the
surface, I remember seeing the ex-alderman's
brother sitting astride of the bottom of the
boat, with a bottle in his hand, like a jolly
old Bacchus astride of a puncheon.

I recollect beating the water frantically
with my arms, for I couldn't swim. I tried
to recollect all that I had heard about tread-
ing water, and moving your legs as though
you were walking—of throwing yourself
upon your back and having no fear—all very
well and very easy of accomplishment, no
doubt, except the fear; but the lack of that
being absolutely necessary to the success of
those life-saving measures, my efforts entire-
ly failed. Besides, I have a peculiar pro-
pensity for carrying about me a large sum
of money—almost invariably in gold, too—
and on this occasion I was encumbered with
the weight of several hundred dollars, which
interfered with the natural buoyancy of the
human body, and added to my downward
tendency. I succeeded, however, with great
difficulty, in divesting myself of a portion of
the money, for it was valueless then in com-
parison with life, and I must have come up
a second time, as I was subsequently found
entangled among the ropes under the boat.
I recollect nothing, however, but a fearful
rushing noise in my ears; and when this
ceased, the most delightful emotions suc-
ceeded. They were just such sensations as
I once experienced after swallowing an
opium pill. The loveliest scenes that the
brightest imagination of an artist ever con-
ceived passed before me. There were trees
whose verdure glowed in rays of imagina-
ble glory—flowers of gorgeous hues, such as
earth never saw. There were mountains and

Shall we two love, in one sweet hope abiding,
And ever more together sweep the main?
I ask for nothing save your love to guide me,
A happy home where peace and kindness reign.
Must the deep current of my soul's affections
Back to its passion source and fountain flow?
Or shall the voice that thrills my inmost being
Whisper in love's responsive sweet and low?
Then hallowed friendship all our days entwining,
That purest thoughts of deep and high esteem,
Shall lead us darling in life's fragrant spring time,
Where truth and tenderness and virtue gleam.
What, shall our future be, oh well beloved
Thou whom I hold in all the world the best?
My happiness if thou canst learn to love me
Shall in the Eternal love of Heaven be blest;
In sympathy as friends we'll live on ever
In one close bond of love whate'er betide;
If this thy heart responds shall be our future,
Come take your place beloved by my side.
If you have chosen me as I have you,
If in your happy heart my image dwells,
As thine in mine, in hope and faith abiding;
If heart to heart love's warm devotion tells;
Oh, come my life, my love, my guiding star,
And perfect happiness shall here be ours;
Then shall our future be oh my beloved,
A path though sometimes dark, yet strewn
with flowers.

CANINE ANECDOTES.

[Germantown Telegraph.]

The following is a touching incident in the life of a collie dog: Some time ago, the late Mr. H—— possessed a collie shepherd dog, which was very clever at its duty until it had a litter, one of which was spared to it. After this all the poor animal's affection seemed to be centred in her puppy, for she refused, or did most unwillingly, the work she had to do, which so vexed her master that he cruelly drowned the puppy before the mother's eyes, covering the bucket in which he left the body with a sack. He then went round the fields followed by the old dog, who from that moment resumed her former usefulness. On Mr. H——'s return, after having had his tea in the evening, he bethought himself of the bucket, and went to fetch it to empty the contents into a hole he had made in the manure-heap; he found the bucket, covered as he had left it, but on pouring out the contents there was nothing but water. He questioned his wife and her niece, but neither knew anything about it.

The next morning Mrs. H—— was struck with the piteous expression of the poor animal's face, and she said to her: "Scottie, tell me where you have taken your puppy?" The dog immediately ran off a distance of quite a hundred yards to the kitchen-garden, jumped the fence and went direct to the further end of the garden, to a spot situated between two rows of beans; there, where the earth had been apparently recently moved, she sat and as it were wept. Mrs. H—— went again into the house, and without mentioning what had occurred, said to her niece: "Ask Scottie what she has done with her puppy." The question was put, and again the poor creature went through the same performance. These circumstances were mentioned to Mr. H——, who poohpoohed the idea of there being anything out of the common; but to satisfy his wife, went to the spot, and dug down *a distance of three feet*, and there sure enough had this faithful, fond mother carried and buried her little one.

There is another interesting narrative of a collie:

"It is many years since I made the acquaintance of Wanderer, a very fine collie, and the subject of the present sketch. He lived at a small farm, was the constant companion of his master, the young farmer, and enjoyed the daily walk to the post with his mistress, the orphan sister of Mr. H——. I sometimes visited Miss B—— at the farm, and on all occasions was attracted to Wanderer by the singular gentleness, sagacity and quiet humor I noticed in his conduct. Nothing delighted the handsome creature so much as a plunge into the little duck-pond in front of the house. He would sail round and round, pretending to be utterly unconscious of the presence of forty or fifty fat ducks, who screamed and quacked wildly at his appearance among them. He meantime calmly dived under the water or darted into their very midst, feigning sometimes to be in pursuit of one particular bird, and looking at *us* with a waggish expression all the time. He went with his master all over the fields, and lay at his feet in his own particular sanctum, watching his movements in that sagacious way which was so completely his own. When the home at the little farm was broken up, Wanderer went with his master to a little seaside cottage, where his canine affection no doubt soothed many a lonely hour. During his master's last brief illness Wanderer lay at his bedside watching jealously every one who went out and in, and casting anxious eyes of affection on the poor invalid. Wanderer's eyes by the way were the most lovely in expression I ever saw, either in human being or dog—they were a dark hazel, soft, lustrous and plaintive.

"After his master's death Wanderer still lay in the solitary death-chamber, like an affectionate sentinel, and those who came in to render the last offices to the deceased, did not care to turn the faithful creature out, but left him—not liking the look in the usually gentle eyes. On the funeral day Wanderer seemed to comprehend that it was necessary to allow his master to be removed, and silently rising from the side of the bed he went out to the outer door, and joined the small company of mourners. Following the hearse as closely as possible, the creature with a look of solemn intelligence, witnessed his dead master deposited in his last resting-place, stood till the little group had dispersed, then quietly laid himself down near the grave and watched the final arrangement of the turf over it. Rising when the gravediggers had completed their work, he once more turned as if to see that all was right, and returned to the cottage. Here he partook of food, and lay down by the kitchen fire all night. Next morning, after his usual breakfast of porridge, he again took his way to the grave and lay there placidly till evening, when he once more returned home. The faithful Wanderer went through the same routine for several days, when, knowing that the dear dog would be homeless, we sent for him, determined that henceforth his home should be with us.

"Dear old fellow! I remember the day he came to us. He was soon our devoted friend and follower, going with us in all our walks and gaining the love of all in the house by his affectionate, intelligent conduct. We had a companion for him in the shape of Spot, a white bull terrier of extraordinary ugliness and faithfulness, and after a very few jealous tussles the two dogs became fast friends for life. In future Wanderer seemed to assume and retain a superiority over Spot, who, to do him justice, always treated his handsome friend with extraordinary attention, as the following anecdote will show. One day both dogs went with us for a walk, and during our ramble in the neighborhood of a woods, Spot caught a small rabbit, which he killed and carried home in his mouth, without any apparent wish to eat it. When we arrived at our own gate Spot was our astonishment to see Spot march demurely forward to Wanderer, lay the rabbit at his feet and retire humbly to a little distance. The collie bit the rabbit into two portions, which gave us reason to suppose that he intended to reward his companion with a share; this however, was not to be, for somewhat to our surprise he swallowed first the one then the other with perfect coolness, Spot watching him admiringly from a little way off, and not showing any signs of ill-will or impatience. I am sorry to say that Wanderer was *slightly* greedy in his way of eating and generally contrived to have the lion's share of food. No one could confer a greater delight upon Wanderer than by giving him peppermint-drops or lumps of white sugar, but this was before his teeth began to fail.

"Some time ago one of the children fell ill, and was confined to bed for some time. The good Wanderer came regularly to the window of the sick-room, and received scraps from it, and even in all the frost and cold of the late severe winter he trotted about in front of the house, often lying placidly on top of the snow, and always looking at the window with eyes of intelligence and affection.

"One day I had just been remarking to my children that Wanderer was looking uncommonly well, and seemed to have taken a new lease of life, when to my utter amazement and consternation, my son told me to desire the cook to stop making farther supplies of porridge for the collie. I asked why, whereupon he placidly informed me that 'Wanderer was away!' I naturally asked 'Where?' believing in a moment of aberration that the old dog had been sent off somewhere. My horror and indignation were great when I learned that the dear, wise, faithful creature had been 'put out of existence,' poisoned by the groom, because that functionary thought 'that life was just a burden to the beast.' I am not the least ashamed to say that I behaved like a child, went forth into the quiet of my own room, and wept bitterly. To think of all the love, yes, devotion, of a noble canine existence being so basely quenched all in a moment. 'And he trusted the very man that administered the poison!' I thought bitterly. Well, it was 'only a dog,' yet I cannot tell how much I miss the kindly bark of welcome which was ever ready for me.

"'I should like,' said a little girl to me, when told of Wanderer's death, 'to see all good, faithful animals rewarded in this world by being kept in comfort till the day of their natural death, and in a future state of being allowed to meet again their old masters and mistresses, and live happily ever after.'"

Some dogs, in their love and affection for their masters, have at times equaled human beings in their constancy, and even surpassed them in the marvellous intelligence with which they foresee and avert approaching danger. The following example, related to us by one of the ladies of the story, may prove interesting:—

Two girls, daughters of an English country doctor, were once out for a walk together. It was an autumn afternoon, sunny and pleasant. They were accompanied by their little dog, named 'Jack, who was a clever little terrier, and more than once had proved his claim to be considered, as indeed he was, their protector while out walking. Their father often said he felt "quite happy when Jack was with them; he was sure no harm could come to them."

The two girls pursued their walk merrily. The fine afternoon tempted them to go farther than they ought, however, and by the time they turned dusk had fallen, and they were afraid they would be late for tea. One of them proposed to take a short cut through a wood with which they were well acquainted, having often gathered blackberries in it on a summer afternoon. The other agreed, and so they arrived at the edge of the wood and prepared to enter it.

"All the same I am rather afraid," said Dora, the younger of the two; "there have been several robberies in the neighborhood, and I saw some very odd-looking men pass our door to-day; besides, I am wearing my new watch which papa gave me on my birthday."

"O nonsense!" her sister replied. "It is nearly six o'clock now; and we shall be late. Be sure no one will wish to harm us."

"I wish I were as certain as you are. But what's the matter with Jack?"

Just as she had said this, Jack advanced towards them, and planting himself in the middle of their path, sat down and whined.

"That is odd," said Dora. "I never remember him doing that before."

The other girl derided her fears, and attempted to pass the dog; but he caught her dress in his teeth, and held her so firmly that she hardly dared to set herself free. One more effort she made, but Jack was resolute; so at last